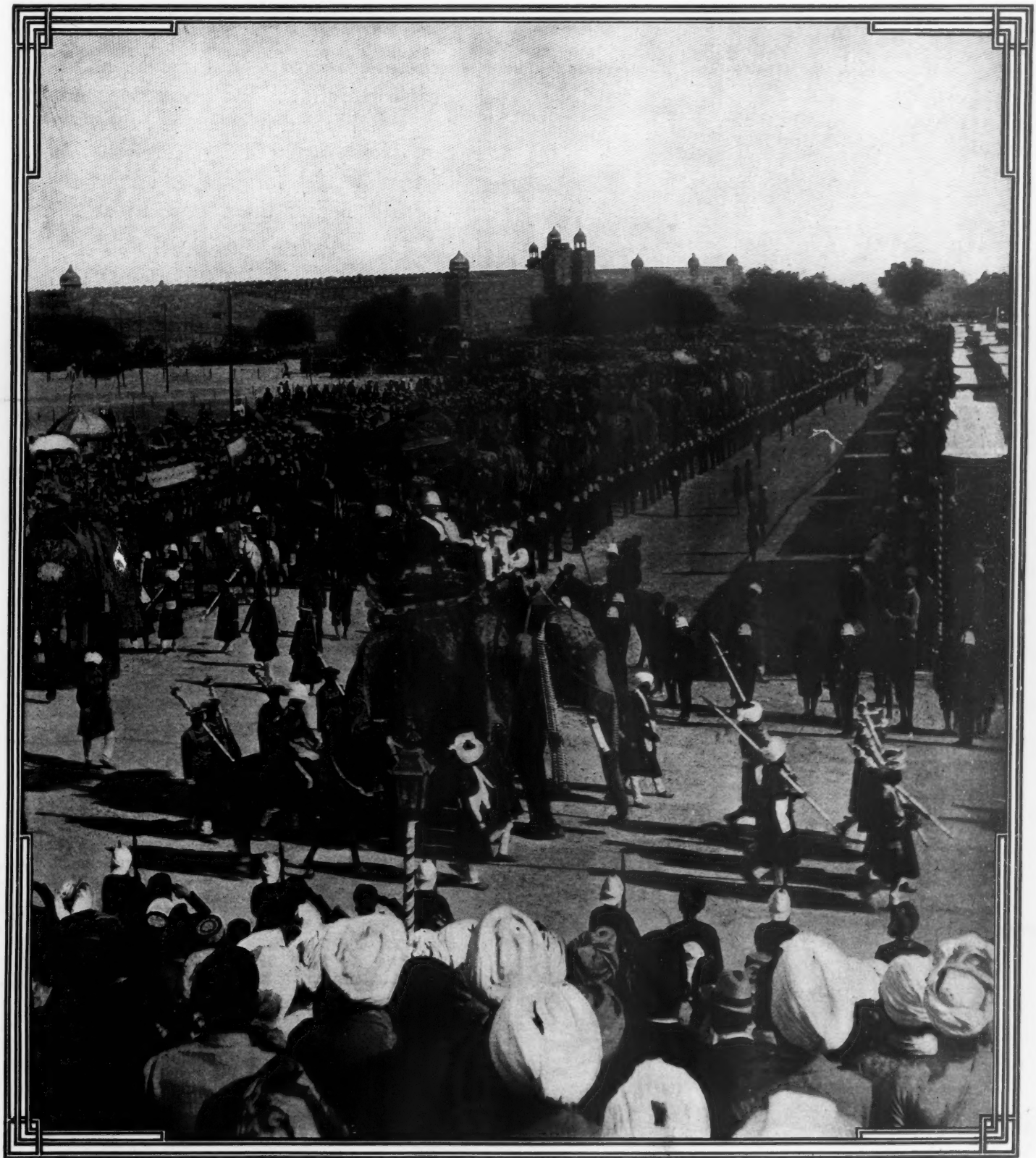


# COLLIER'S

For February 14, 1903

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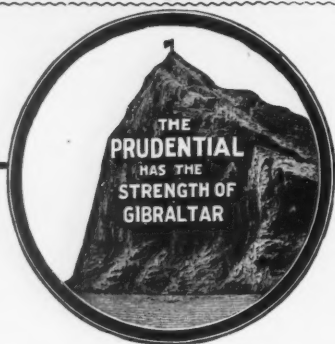
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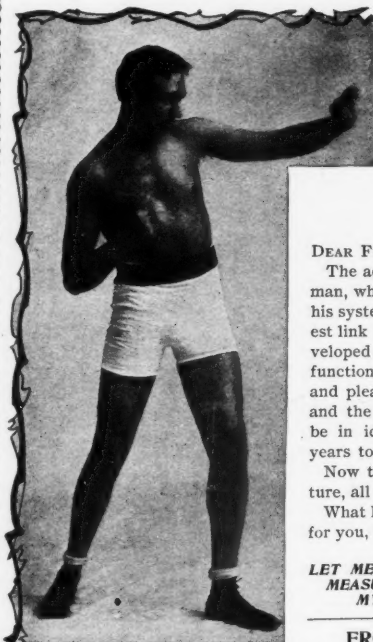
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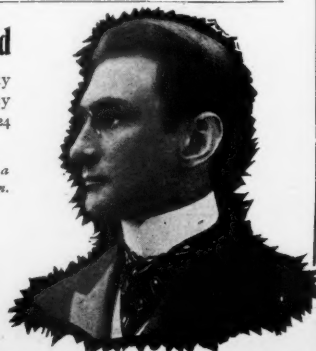
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

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New York, Saturday, February 14, 1903

## The Sincerest Flattery

IF we had more space in this column we should delight in writing a little essay on "The Art of Appropriation, or the Appropriation of Art," with pictures by Mr. Hal Hurst, a contributor to the *Illustrated London News*. But perhaps the subject is not worthy of such elaboration. We must content ourselves, therefore, with a few words only, and let the story tell itself in the illustrations—one of them by Hal Hurst "after Reuterdahl," as they say of the old masters, and the other by Reuterdahl, "before Hurst,"—just about two years before Hurst. It was in the Christmas Number of *COLLIER'S*, in 1900, that we published Mr. Reuterdahl's full page picture entitled "The Captain's Christmas Dinner," a reproduction of which is shown here. In the *Illustrated London News*, dated December 27, 1902, we note a graceful compliment to Mr. Reuterdahl's idea in a picture entitled "The Skipper's Christmas Dinner" drawn by Hal Hurst—a reproduction of which is also shown here. See the two white-whiskered gentlemen drinking coffee! One is a "Captain," the other is a "Skipper." Perhaps they are brothers—they look so much alike. Then the attending stewards must be brothers, too. There is another pair of brothers in the background; each has his hand up to his mouth, as he shouts; the only difference is that the brother in the English picture is an officer, while the American brother is only a seaman. However, after a lapse of two years, it is only natural that the brother should have been promoted. We do not think that Mr. Hurst's picture is so good as Mr.



THE CAPTAIN'S CHRISTMAS DINNER  
From COLLIER'S WEEKLY, December 8, 1900



From THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Dec. 27, 1902

"The Skipper's Christmas Dinner," was entirely unaware of the source of Mr. Hurst's inspiration.

## A \$75,000 Day

WE want the WEEKLY to reach all our subscribers not later than Saturday of each week, that they may have it to read on Sunday. Most of our subscribers receive the paper on or before Saturday, but we have only succeeded in accomplishing this by working the presses all night and frequently on Sundays. Our aim has been to gain a day. This sounds like a simple proposition, but it is one that requires a tremendous effort and a large outlay of money. In order to gain this day, and thus get the last WEEKLY in the mail on Thursday night instead of Friday night, we have ordered from Messrs. R. Hoe & Co. six new presses. They are of the two-revolution rotary type, arranged to print a 32-page form of the WEEKLY. These six new presses will increase the capacity of our plant 50 per cent. They will make it possible for us to turn out each week 750,000 32-page WEEKLYS printed in colors, and get them into the mail by Thursday night. The catching of the mails will be greatly expedited also by the new folding-machines that are being installed. There are three of these, made by the Dexter Folder Company, capable of folding, assembling and stitching COLLIER'S WEEKLY, up to a 44-page number, at the rate of 3,000 copies per hour for each machine. The cost of the presses amounts to \$36,000; the price of the folding-machines is \$41,700. Thus it is plain that it is costing us over \$75,000 to gain one day in the delivery of the paper. We realize the importance of timeliness, and we shall spare no effort or expense to meet the requirement.

The "Lion's Mouth" questions may be found on page 27 of this issue. The announcement of the prize winners in the January competition will be made in the February Household Number, issued February 28th.

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THE EUROPEAN POWERS that looked with complacency upon the intimidation of Venezuela by the allies changed their expression when it became known that Great Britain, Germany and Italy claimed preference over all other creditors in the settlement. Venezuela owes money to France, Spain, Belgium, Sweden and Norway, Denmark and Holland, as well as to the United States. Some of these debts are in process of settlement. The contention of the allies was that they should be ignored until the claims of the blockading powers were adjusted or, at least, that two-thirds of thirty per cent of the customs duties of Venezuela be laid aside for the payment of the allies, and the other third be divided among the nations that have chosen to present their claims in a peaceful manner. Mr. Bowen, in behalf of Venezuela, but evidently coached by our State Department, rejected this proposal. He contended that it would be immoral to give preferential treatment

#### THE QUESTION OF PREFERENCE

before a peace tribunal to nations that had resorted to bombardments and blockades. Furthermore, he said, the acceptance of this proposal would mean a continuance of the alliance for six years, which would be distasteful to Venezuela. The words of the communication as reported in the daily papers were: "Great surprise and regret would be felt if Great Britain showed any inclination of continuing her alliance with Germany any longer than is absolutely necessary." In conclusion, Mr. Bowen suggested that the question of preferential treatment, with all the other questions involved, be referred to the Hague tribunal. Undoubtedly, the reply was dictated by our government. It is strictly in accord with the policy by which arbitration was forced upon the allies. Any other course would be too distinctly an invitation to European claimants to enforce their claims by warlike means, while an alliance between Great Britain and Germany for action on this continent would be a constant source of danger.

THE NEW REPRESENTATIVE of Germany has won the good opinion of the American public by the frankness and amiability of his utterances on landing. Baron Speck von Sternberg assures us of the high esteem of his master and adds that the German Emperor contemplates no harm to the Monroe Doctrine. That is well for the Monroe Doctrine, well for us and well for the German Emperor. A good deal of the importance of the diplomat has passed away since the Atlantic cable was laid. He no longer invents policies on the spur of the moment or attacks difficult problems with remedies of his own devising. He is in intimate daily contact with his government. Much of his work is done for him by the volunteer diplomats of the newspapers. He has become a sort of watcher in behalf of the Foreign Office, who is expected to report in detail and promptly on the conditions that surround him, and to carry messages from one Foreign Office to another. But he is not sunk, as some imagine, to a mere ornament of social gatherings at the capital, a radiant delight to the eyes of young ladies and an object of envy for his uniforms to General Miles. However the relations of the Powers have been simplified by the cable and the newspapers, the governments of the world are still conducted by men with the ordinary human emotions, prejudices and ambitions, and it is a fact that

#### AMIABILITY IN DIPLOMACY

an agreeable agent of an unfriendly power may accomplish more in Washington than the disagreeable agent of a friendly power. A good many unpleasant messages are exchanged between governments in the course of a year, and it is well for peace that the messenger should be a person of cheerful mien and conciliatory speech. We trust that Baron Speck von Sternberg will go on uttering the soft word that turneth away anger, and making smooth the somewhat thorny communications of the German Foreign Office. A few of our readers of German birth—a very few, we are glad to say—have written in to accuse us of anti-German sentiments. We will not be impolite and say what we think of such an accusation. We merely remark that we are not anti-German, anti-British or anti-Anything. The antis have never done much in the world. To be merely an anti supposes strong opinions and a lazy mind. But we are very strongly pro-American, and, in common with all other persons of the same way of thinking, we have regarded the misconduct of the German officers in South America with surprise, never with alarm. For the sake of good feeling on both sides of the water, we hope the Venezuelan episode of 1903 will be closed and forgotten forever. As for the thought of war between this country and Germany, we have always considered it preposterous. The people of both countries will have something to say on that subject when the politicians are frenzied and the blood has gone to the heads of war lords and admirals, and they will never speak the word that will provoke a calamity too great for the imagination.

THE HILL OF TARA is to pass under the auctioneer's hammer—Tara with its legends and memories of more than two thousand years. It was the seat of the ancient sovereignty of Ireland. There Cormac founded the academies of war, literature and jurisprudence

and Nial of the Nine Hostages reigned in glory. It witnessed the bloodless victory of Patrick over the Druids, when the royal Leoghaire prostrated himself with all his court before the symbol of the Prince of Peace. It saw the last triennial council of the chiefs before the usurper confirmed his lay dominion. Alas for Tara! Alas for Ireland! "So glory's thrill is o'er." Alas, also, for the national spirit that has not risen in protest against the vandalism. Rebuking this self-same indifference on the part of the Irish people, Thomas Davis wrote more than sixty years ago: "We have seen pigs housed in the piled friezes of a broken church, cows stabled in the palaces of the Desmonds, corn threshed on the floors of ancient abbeys, and the sheep and the tearing wind tenant the corridors of Aileach. Daily are more and more of our tombs effaced, of our abbeys shattered, of our castles torn down, of our cairns sacrilegiously pierced, of our urns broken up. All classes, creeds and politics are to blame in this. How our children will despise us for it." The Ireland to which Davis appealed was more populous than the Ireland of to-day, but not otherwise different. Ireland is very, very poor; how poor no American who has not lived in intimate personal knowledge of the peasantry can imagine. It is one of the ironical pleasantries of history that a country seldom has historical monuments unless it is too poor to maintain them. So Tara, replete with associations that thrill every Irishman's heart, must suffer the common fate of Irish monuments.

#### THE AUCTIONEER IN TARA'S HALL

A FOOLISH YOUNG ENGLISHMAN in New York—for his own sake we hope he is only foolish—has been writing to the newspapers to say that he has a "system" by which professional gamblers can be deprived of their money at play. We will use him as an illustration for the commonplace little sermon we preached last week on the folly of gambling. He has tried his "system." A little while ago he induced some other foolish people in England to back him, and went down to the southeast corner of France, where the croupiers were awaiting him without dismay, and there put his wonderful scheme into execution. Is he rich now with the money of the Monte Carlo syndicate? Strange to say, he is not. He is very poor—a poor earl, and a poor player in more senses than one. He is an excellent example of men who believe in gambling as a remunerative pursuit. Another Englishman has entered the controversy. He is not an Englishman by birth. He was born a Yankee, but went to England and accumulated a fortune by manufacturing iron. He is old and shrewd. His name is Hiram Maxim. Hiram Maxim says that the player has hardly any chance at Monte Carlo, that the bank takes ninety per cent of the money played, that "systems" are worse than useless. It is Hiram Maxim against the earl—the wise, rich old business man against the foolish, broken young peer. Whose advice would you take on any money matter—which counsel would you listen to with close attention and which discard with complete contempt? Of course, Sir Hiram is right. Gambling is the same all over the world—in the big, bad-smelling Casino at Monte Carlo or in the shabby little rooms above saloons in New York or Chicago. The percentage is fixed irrevocably and unalterably in favor of the dealer. The foolish young rich people who flock to Monte Carlo, lured by the lies carefully disseminated through the world by its management, are in the same class with the poor creatures that you read about in the newspaper accounts of swindles. They are of the race of pigeons. It is their dollars, shillings, francs, liras, marks, rubles and pesetas that pay for the gorgeous houses at Monte Carlo, support the gardens of movable plants, keep up the army, pay the salaries of the employés from the Prince of Monaco to the doorkeepers, and settle the funeral expenses of the suicides.

#### "A FOOL AND HIS MONEY..."

THE SENATE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE has done a real favor to the President in rejecting the nomination of an Addicks man as United States District Attorney of Delaware. This permits the President to withdraw the nomination. The selection of a man prominently connected with Addicks' attempt to break into the Senate, was the peculiar way which Mr. Roosevelt adopted to publish the Administration's sympathy with Addicks, or at least its indifference to the prayers of the decent people of Delaware. No other act of Mr. Roosevelt's has caused so much apprehension among his friends that he has been beguiled by his new associates in Washington from the strait and narrow path. No one ever showed more or more wholesome intolerance of political fraud and corruption than Theodore Roosevelt, and it was a sad blow to his admirers that he should select this particularly offensive scandal to prove that in his mind the exigencies of a bad sort of Republican politics rose superior to the claims of honest men upon honest government. We are disposed to think that the illustrious Mark Hanna's buckwheat cakes and views of the fitness of things are a dangerous part of the dietary of a President who has made his way upward against the politicians of Mr. Hanna's school.

#### A WISE REJECTION





**B**ILLS PROHIBITING pigeon-shooting are appearing in the Legislatures, and they ought to be supported by vigorous petitions from the public. They will be opposed, of course, by "sportsmen" of the peculiar class who amuse themselves with this "sport." Did you ever see the "sportsman" who spends his Sundays maiming and killing pigeons? He is a fine person, isn't he, to pose as a champion of sport! He a sportsman, this obese, slow, lazy person who stands by the hour popping miserable pellets at the poor creatures that struggle from the traps! If he is, so is fly-paper. We used to wonder what a Spaniard who read the things American newspapers say about bull-fighting would think of pigeon-shooting. The two "sports" are not to be mentioned in the same breath. The bull-fighter takes some risks—not many, but enough to make his profession a dangerous one

#### A DOOMED "SPORT"

—and bull-fighters have been known to be killed in the ring. The bull-fighter must be courageous, strong, skilful. But what strength, courage, skill or other valuable human quality is needed to shoot pigeons from a trap? It does not even demand a very high degree of marksmanship. Its only real essential is cruelty. For every other sport in which the killing of creatures is the object, some sturdiness of mind or of body is required. We say this, although we think sport has become too much of a fetich with us. Like the English people as the Frenchman saw them, we are disposed to say: "It is a beautiful day. Let us go out and kill something," and despise people who think the killing of things ought to be left to the butcher. But none of the excuses that can be made for other assaults with intent to kill upon the brute creation can be pleaded for pigeon-shooting. It is a vile pastime, good only for the gunsmith, and it should be placed in the same relation to the law as cock-fighting, dog-fighting and bear-baiting.

**S**EA-SICKNESS IS NOT so much a subject of general discussion with us as with Englishmen and Frenchmen. The Channel, which separates the two countries geographically, unites them in a common emotion of disgust and gives them one subject of conversation that they can jointly debate. But there is this difference; while with the English sea-sickness is a hideous joke, with the French it is a dreadful tragedy. We have always thought one of the reasons why the French do not invade England is that they are afraid of the Channel. A Frenchman undertaking a journey to London is followed by the apprehensive prayers of his family. He begins to grow pale before the train leaves the station, and at Calais he is so far advanced toward disintegration that a marine painting would complete his downfall. It is not surprising that a serious "league against sea-sickness" exists in France, and that it has put out numerous pamphlets in gloomy discussion of the subject. The remedies advised by this organization are too numerous to mention. We may say they have all been tried and none has proved its worth. The malady is a puzzle to the medical profession. They do not know exactly what causes it or why it should afflict one person and leave another unhurt.

#### THE LOOKING- GLASS CURE FOR SEA-SICKNESS

The disease is the ocean's mysterious and highly effective revenge upon those who lightly brave its dignity. An Italian, M. des Planches, the Ambassador to this country, advises an empirical remedy or rather a form of prophylaxis. He says that sea-sickness can be avoided by any one who will attentively regard his features in a mirror. We suppose the remedy is worth trying, and that ocean liners will soon present a curious spectacle of rows of pallid passengers gazing at themselves in looking-glasses. But we should not advise any prudent steward to go out without his usual supply of lemons because of M. des Planches' discovery. As we have said, the disease is an ancient one, and both empirics and regular practitioners have fought it in vain for many centuries. Probably the only remedy for sea-sickness that can be recommended as completely infallible is to stay at home as Cato did. Otherwise the experimenter on M. des Planches' theory may come to the state of the English poet who wails:

"But why is my complexion green  
And just a trifle pale?  
Alas, have these precautions been  
Indeed of no avail?  
Ah, fickle, faithless and untrue,  
Thou mirror thrice accurst!  
'Here, steward, bring me that which you  
Were going to bring at first."

**S**ENATOR QUAY OF PENNSYLVANIA has disorganized legislation in the Senate, blocked bills and threatened the Administration with the necessity of calling an extra session in his attempt to pass what is called the "Statehood bill." It provides for the admission of New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma as States. The question naturally arises, Why is Mr. Quay so much interested in this bill that he is prepared to sacrifice everything to its passage? Pennsylvania is a long way from Arizona and we can hardly believe a great number of Mr. Quay's constituents are deeply concerned in the elevation of the Spanish-speaking population of New Mexico to the dignity of full cit-

izenship. What is the reason for this extraordinary burst of activity on the part of the Pennsylvania Senator? We do not know, but these facts have been stated and they may have some relation to the fight in the Senate: Some time ago a Pennsylvanian went West and promoted a railway in New Mexico. The Territories are prevented by law from incurring debts amounting to over four per cent of the assessed valuation of their property. But there is no such restriction on a State. A State can subsidize railways and other enterprises and saddle itself with enormous debts. This is precisely what happened in the early days of railway building in the West. From the prodigious liabilities incurred at that time some of the far Western States have but recently recovered. We do not say that in this situation will be found the motive for the extraordinary performance in the Senate, but the facts deserve public attention. What other reason is there for the admission of these Territories? Of the 195,000 inhabitants of New Mexico—a little more than one to the square mile—a large majority are Spanish-speaking Mexicans. The population of Arizona is about 125,000, of whom 30,000 are Indians, 14,000 half-breed Indians and 27,000 Mexicans. We have no doubt that in due time these Territories, as well as Oklahoma and Indian Territory united, will be admitted, but the time has not come, and we do not think it ought to be hastened by the necessities of railway builders in search of subsidies.

#### SENATOR QUAY'S STATEHOOD BILL

**T**HE FACT THAT BRET HARTE died poor has called forth a brisk discussion with regard to the earnings of contemporary writers. It used to be said that the literary instinct and the business faculty made very bad partners, but this, we observe, is no longer held. Indeed, some of the giants of the past might be cited to refute the absurd notion that literary men are unable either to make money or take care of it when made. We know that Horace managed his Sabine farm so thriftily that he was able to leave a tidy sum to his imperial patron. A book of excellent business maxims might be drawn from his odes and satires. In fact, we have every reason to believe that Horace would no more show ineptness in a business transaction than he would commit a false quantity in his verse. Shakespeare is a familiar example of 'undoubted business ability combined with the greatest poetical genius. He made money and kept it, and died possessed of a solid property. Voltaire, who could never be got to admit Shakespeare's capacity as a poet and dramatist, surpassed him in his business endowment. One would search the eighteenth century in vain for a more intelligent speculator, a keener financier than the author of "Candide." Pope, the little great man of Twickenham, was as careful of his money as of his couplets and hoarded it as jealously as he nursed his revenges. Swift was one of the most astute economists of his age, as the celebrated "Modest Proposal" bears witness. Though he could be liberal upon due occasion, parsimony was the note of his private life. Byron was famous for the hard bargains he drove with his publisher. Weary of his fame and sated with indulgence, he wrote at thirty-five:

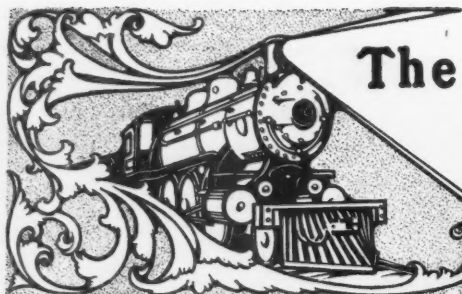
#### MONEY AND LETTERS

"So for a good old gentlemanly vice  
I think I will take up with avarice."

No publisher in London was a better business man than Dickens, as he taught all who had dealings with him. He died rich; and even Thackeray, who professed himself a child in business affairs, was not poor. There is, of course, another side to the account; but the failures are in no way entitled to rank with the successes. The weight of authority, therefore, is that every writing man ought to die happy and rich, if he will but regard Hamlet's admonition: "Thrift, Horatio, thrift!"

**S**O MANY HARSH THINGS have been said about Mr. Joseph Chamberlain—we have said our share—that a word of commendation of his peaceful labors in South Africa seems especially worth uttering. Mr. Chamberlain brought about the war in South Africa, but it is entirely within the possibilities that he will largely redeem his name from the ill-will that attaches to it in every part of the world except England by his conscientious attempts to bind up the nation's wounds and restore the new colonies to a state of peace and prosperity. His journey to the Cape was a bold undertaking for a politician. The personal feeling against him among the Dutch had not subsided, and a false step would have set in motion every intrigue against his leadership at home. We are bound to say that he has managed this difficult business with the greatest courage, good temper and ability. His work has been one of conciliation calling for statesmanship of a high order, and it is greatly to the credit of his good faith in this matter and greatly to the credit of the patriotism of the Boers that the people who lately were his enemies have met him with professions of confidence, and have offered to work side by side with him in the building up of the country.

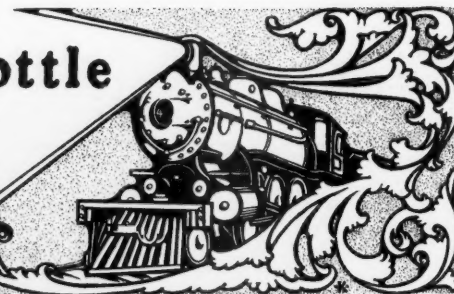
#### CHAMBERLAIN IN SOUTH AFRICA



## The Man at the Throttle

A CONSIDERATION OF THE PERSONAL ELEMENT  
UPON WHICH EVERY SAFETY DEVICE DEPENDS

By Cy Warman



**N**OT MANY TRAINMEN in America will admit that they are superstitious, but when there is a crash and two great throbbing, magnificent machines are battered, fine coaches and palace cars are splintered and human beings are crushed and cremated, you will see them huddled and hear them saying, "Now there'll be two more."

"Why should there be two more?" you ask. "Well," says the brakeman, "I didn't say there should be, I said there would be."

Now, the remarkable thing about this "superstition" is that it is so—sometimes.

Immediately after the Wanstead wreck another express train had serious trouble in the Toronto yards, and just a week from that fatal Friday night a light engine crashed into the third express not far from Niagara Falls.

Taking the broader field, we have, as the second great disaster, the Jersey Central, with its Royal Blue Express plunging into a local, and immediately upon the heels of this came the wreck of the Sunset Limited on the Southern Pacific. The number of lives lost in this trio of catastrophes was about threescore.

Now, the novice will say the first wreck should cause the trainmen to look sharp, and the second render them so alert that accidents would be impossible.

Well, it appears to have an opposite effect. It would seem rather to rattle the men who are in charge of the Black Fliers that are plowing the night. At all events, we have wrecks and wrecks and wrecks, despite the fact that much of the best brain in this broad land is employed in the management of American railways, and every device that ingenuity can conceive for the safety of moving trains is in use.

### Safeguards of the Block System

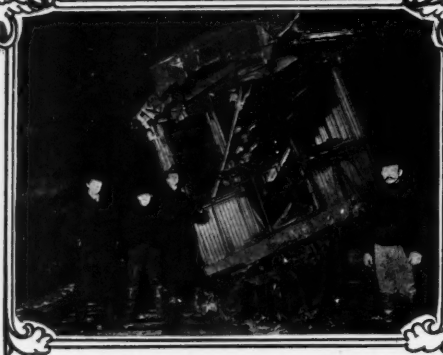
Immediately after the first of these frightful accidents occurred, experts who bank on the block system of handling trains declared that if the Grand Trunk had been using this system the Wanstead wreck would never have happened.

Mr. Hays, Second Vice-President of the Canadian road, resented this, declaring that these trains were blocked at that point at that moment, and that the thing could and might have happened under the block system; and here is proof, for the system in use on the Jersey Central is pronounced perfect.

Only a man who has ridden at the front of a fast express, either in charge of the engine or as a "dead-head," can understand or appreciate the declaration of Engineer Davis of the Royal Blue, who is said to have admitted, as they carried him dying from the scene of the disaster, that he heard the torpedoes and saw the signals but disregarded them, thinking they would "change to white," until it was too late. A hundred—perhaps a thousand—times he had shut off and slowed for such signals only to see the green or red lights change to white, and then he would open up again. When he closed the throttle the engine "popped," blowing a lot of steam into the air and wasting water, and when he opened, suddenly, he tore holes in the fire, not to mention the time—say two to ten seconds—he would lose by slowing, and so in time he had learned to come as near to the danger lamps as possible. This daily dodging of death had become such a habit that he took great chances, for the moments are measured out to the driver of the Limited on an American railroad.

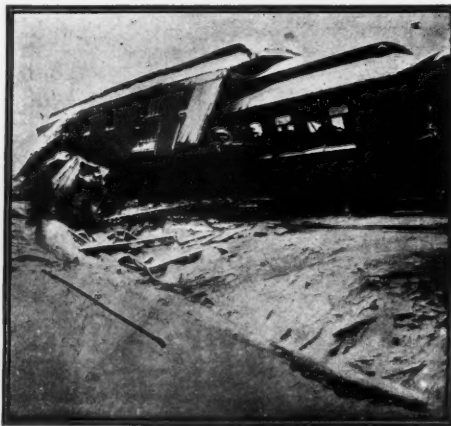
It is a common saying, and not altogether untrue, that if the rules were always observed the trains would be always late, and the Yankee voyager will not ride with you if you fail to make time. Keen competition, the actual rivalry among engine-drivers and the feverish anxiety of the average American to get to the end of his journey, make the Limited a necessity and a possibility.

There is always excuse for fast driving. First, the



The Wreck of January 27 on the Jersey Central

driver has his job to hold. It is as shameful for an engineer to "solder" on a fast run as for an army officer to retreat. Then there is the road's reputation, which must be kept up; and, thirdly, he knows that it is extra hazardous to run behind his schedule, and that he increases the danger of travel each time he loses a minute. One of these recently wrecked express trains was running one, another two, hours late. If an express train is on time, and the crews of trains of inferior class are allowed to make their own meeting points, it is safe; but when trains are late they must be handled wholly by the dispatcher as if no schedule had been made. Sometimes the orders are misunderstood. Although under the standard code all orders affecting the movements, especially the meeting and passing of opposing trains, are sent in duplicate, one man may fail to



The Wreck on the Grand Trunk Railway near Wanstead, Canada, last December

follow the instructions. Sometimes the eye or ear is at fault; sometimes the brain plays pranks with the hand.

One day I saw a yard engine with a long string of coal cars backing out of a siding just as an express engine screamed in the canyon a mile away. Naturally I glanced at the switch target, and it was right. At that moment a yardman leaped from the low footboard and ran for the switch. The train was moving about twelve miles an hour to clear the flier, but the switchman got to the switch in time to turn it, ditch the yard engine, pile the coal over her and put the Limited into the wreck. "By Jiminy," said the switchman, "I'd a swore that switch was wrong."

In the case of the Wanstead wreck, a brakeman saw a signal to stop, but "thought" it was given by some one who "thought" the conductor was being left. He knew the conductor was all aboard, and so allowed the

train to go out in the face of the express. An operator sitting beside his table heard the key calling him for six or seven minutes, but thought it was saying something else to some other operator. The agent at Watford, where the express should have been held, heard the dispatcher say "may bust it," but, thinking he said "bust it," busted it and let the express loose on the main line with a freight in front of it, going in the opposite direction.

Just what the Arizona operator, who failed to hand out an order, thought we do not know. Perhaps he thought it strange that people should be crying for coal while the earth was still sizzling from the heat of last summer's sunshine. We know his brain failed to perform, and the awful result.

It would seem absurd to make more rules, and almost impossible to improve the present standard code. Emergencies will arise when the individual must cut loose and act upon his own judgment, and instantly. Mr. P. J. F., a well-known Western railroad man, sitting in a little flag station on the Reading road some twenty or thirty years ago, heard a dispatcher give a lap order. A freight train was to pass his station to meet an express train, while the express was to pass in the opposite direction to meet the freight beyond his place. That was under the old system, when a separate and differently worded order was sent to each of the opposing trains.

The boy operator did not care to tell the dispatcher that he was blundering, but he must do something. He put out a red light and stopped the express. The pompous old conductor was just reaching over to pull the boy's nose, for he admitted at once that he had no order to stop the express, when the boy said "Hush!" pointing over his shoulder. The conductor hushed, and heard the far off whistle of a long freight train coming down the hill. If the boy had lacked the nerve to break a well-known rule the two trains would have been in collision at that very moment at full speed, for there were no air-brakes in those days. There is a railway president in America who won his first feathers by a shocking breach of discipline, assuming the functions of a high official when he was only an obscure operator, but he made it go and he was promoted for it.

### Concerning what "Might have been"

Often an accident might be avoided by allowing men to change places. For example, it is not at all probable that the old agent at Watford would have forgotten to deliver the order to the desert-duster town in Arizona, and if the "absent-minded beggar" had been at Watford it is barely possible that he might have refused to "bust" an order save in the regular way. An agent of the same line, testifying before the coroner's jury, declared that he would have ignored the dispatcher's "bust it" order. Strictly speaking he would have been justified, but if operators made a practice of setting their superiors right there would be more old operators employed and fewer promotions. This panting for promotion, commendable though it be, makes cowards of us all. It is the one thing for which all men, in all walks of life, strive. Promotion, advancement, success.

While the management of every important railway in America is striving to bring its service up to a certain standard, and succeeding generally, it is not to be expected that each of the one hundred thousand or more men in the train service will behave in the same way under certain circumstances.

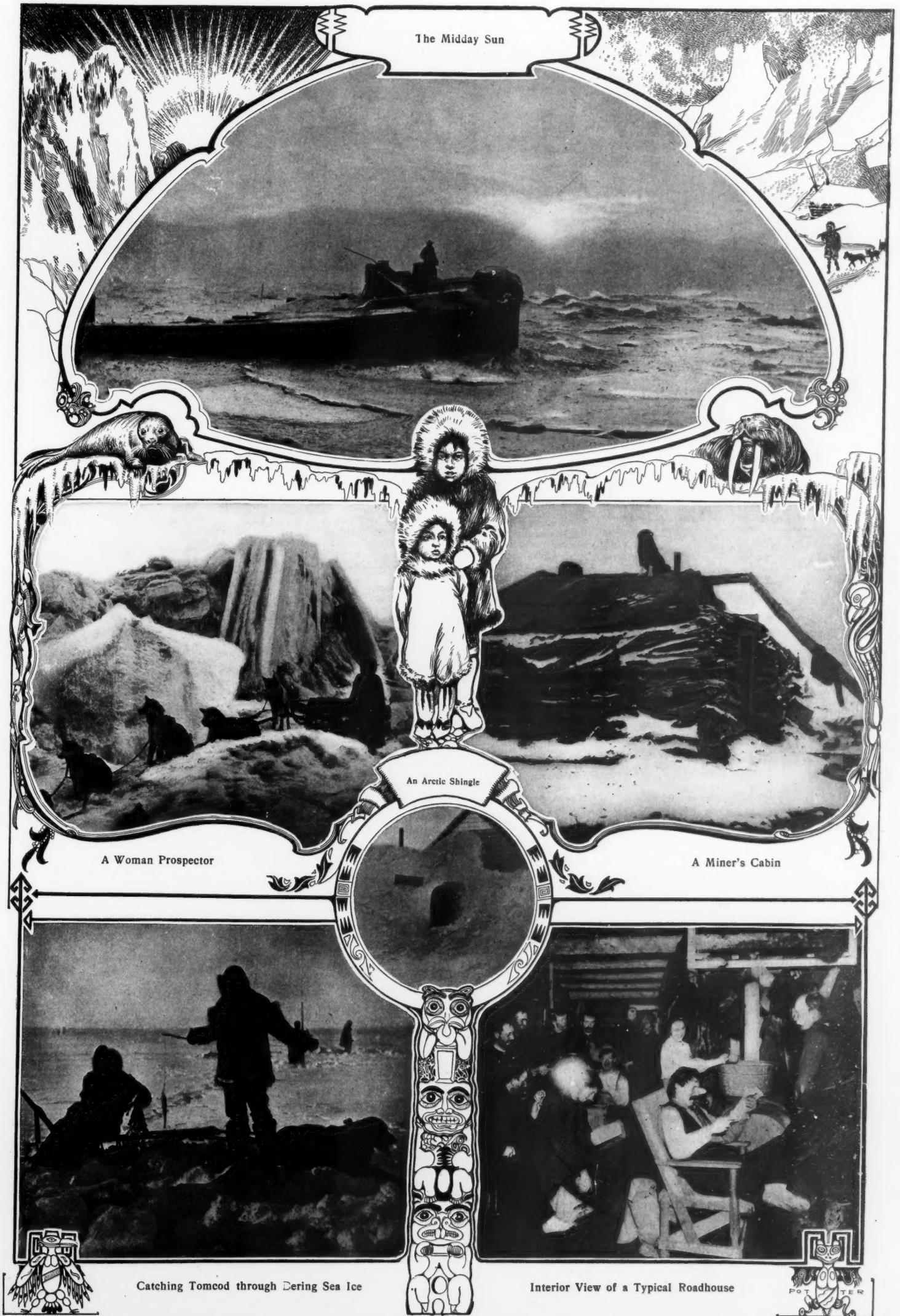
We may equate our lines for grades and curves, and create a general standard, but we can not make the physical or mental equipment of one man equal to another's, and now and then the individual will fail.

So long as such sharp competition as now exists continues (and who would kill it?), and so long as the travelling public demand it, we shall have the mile-a-minute express, and so long as we have that, guided by human hands, directed by the brain of mortal man, we must be prepared at all times to expect the unexpected, for it will happen—sometimes.



The Wreck of the Sunset Limited on the Southern Pacific, near Tucson, Arizona, January 28, in which Eighteen People were Killed





WINTER LIFE AT CAPE NOME



# THE COLLABORATORS

Or The Comedy that Wrote Itself

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART TWO

By A. T. Quiller-Couch ("Q"), Author of "Dead Man's Rock," "The Ship of Stars," Etc.

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

## SYNOPSIS OF PART ONE

Mr. George Anthony Richardson, under the pseudonym of George Anthony, has been the successful author of a farce, "Larks in Aspic," and is under contract to write a second play. He fails to accomplish anything in the seclusion of rural surroundings, and determines suddenly to return to his London residence, which he had left in the care of Trewlove, his butler. When he drives up to the door of his residence he finds a masquerade ball in full swing. Trewlove is nowhere to be seen and nobody seems to know who he is. Mr. Richardson accepts the situation calmly and determines to probe the mystery.

III



I stood arrayed

WILLIAM lifted my bag and led the way. On the first landing, where the doors stood open and the music went merrily to the last figure of the lancers, we had to pick our way through a fantastic crowd which eyed me with polite curiosity. Couples seated on the next flight drew aside to let us pass. But the second landing was empty, and I halted for a moment at the door of my own workroom, within which lay my precious manuscript.

"This room is unoccupied?"

"Indeed, no, sir. The mistress considers it the cheerfulness in the house."

"Our tastes agree then."

"She had her bed moved in there the very first night."

"Indeed," I swung round on him hastily. "By-the-bye, what is your mistress's name?"

He drew back a pace and eyed me with some embarrassment. "You'll excuse me, sir, but that ain't quite a fair question as between you and me."

"No? I should have thought it innocent enough."

"Of course, it's a hopen secret, and you're only askin' it to try me. But so long as the mistress fancies a hincog—"

"Lead on," said I. "You are an exemplary young man, and I, too, am playing the game to the best of my lights."

"Yes, sir." He led me up to a room prepared for me—with candles lighted, hot water ready, and bed neatly turned down. On the bed lay the full costume of a Punchinello: striped stockings, breeches with rosettes, tinselled coat, with protuberant stomach and hump, cocked hat, and all proper accessories—even to a false nose.

"Am I expected to get into these things?" I asked.

"If I can be of any assistance, sir—"

"Thank you, no." I handed him the key of my bag, flung off coat and waistcoat, and sat down to unlace my boots. "Your mistress is in the drawing-room, I suppose, with her guests?"

"She is, sir."

"And Mr. Herbert?"

"Mr. Herbert was to have been 'ome by ten-thirty. He is—as you know, sir—a little irregular. But youth"—William arranged my brushes carefully—"youth must 'ave its fling. Oh, he's a hot 'un!" A chuckle escaped him; he checked it and was instantly demure. Almost, indeed, he eyed me with a look of rebuke. "Anything more, sir?"

"Nothing more, thank you."

He withdrew. I thrust my feet into the dressing-slippers he had set out for me, and, dropping into an

armchair, began to take stock of the situation. "The one thing certain," I told myself, "is that Trewlove in my absence has let my house. Therefore Trewlove is certainly an impudent scoundrel, and any grand jury would bring in a true bill against him for a swindler. My tenants are a lady, whose servants may not reveal her name, and a young man—her husband perhaps—described as 'a little irregular.' They are giving a large fancy-dress ball below—which seems to prove that, at any rate, they don't fear publicity. And, further, although entire strangers to me, they are expecting my arrival and have prepared a room. Now, why?"

Here lay the real puzzle, and for some minutes I could make nothing of it. Then I remembered my telegram. According to William it had been referred back to the post-office. But William on his own admission had but retailed pantry gossip caught up from Mr. Horrex (presumably the butler). Had the telegram been sent back *unopened*? William's statement left this in doubt. Now supposing these people to be in league with Trewlove, they might have opened the telegram, and, finding to their consternation that I was already on the road and an exposure inevitable, have ordered my room to be prepared, trusting to throw themselves on my forgiveness, while Trewlove lay a-hiding or fled from vengeance across the high seas. Here was a possible explanation: but I will admit that it seemed, on second thoughts, an unlikely one. An irate landlord, returning unexpectedly and finding his house in possession of unauthorized tenants, catching them, moreover, in the act of turning it upside down with a fancy-dress ball, would naturally begin to be nasty on the doorstep. The idea of placating him by a bedroom near the roof and the costume of a Punchinello was too bold altogether, and relied too much on his unproved fund of good-nature. Moreover, Mr. Herbert (whoever he might be) would not have treated the situation so cavalierly. At the least (and however "irregular"), Mr. Herbert would have been waiting to deprecate vengeance. A wild suspicion occurred to me; that "Mr. Herbert" might be another name for Trewlove, and that Trewlove under that name was gaining a short start from justice. But no; William had alluded to Mr. Herbert as to a youth sowing his wild oats. Impossible to contemplate Trewlove under this guise! Where then did Trewlove come in? Was he, perchance, "Mr. Horrex," the butler?

I gave it up and began thoughtfully, and not without difficulty, to case myself in the disguise of Punchinello. I resolved to see this thing through. The costume had evidently not been made to my measure, and in the process of induing it I paused once or twice to speculate on the eccentricities of the figure to which it had been shaped or the abstract anatomical knowledge of the tailor who had shaped it. I declare that the hump seemed the one normal thing about it. But by this time my detective-hunger—not to call it a thirst for vengeance—was asserting itself above petty vanity. I squeezed myself into the costume;

and then, clapping on the false nose, stood arrayed—as queer a figure, surely, as ever was assumed by retributive Justice.

So, with a heart hardened by indignation and prepared for the severest measures, I descended to the drawing-room landing. Two doors opened upon it—that of the drawing-room itself, which faced over a terrace roofing the kitchens and across it to a garden in the rear of the house, and that of a room overlooking the street and scarcely less spacious. This had been the deceased general's bedroom, and in indolence rather than impiety I had left it unused, with all its hideous furniture—including the camp-bed which his martial habits affected. And this was the apartment I entered, curious to learn how it had been converted into a reception-room for the throng which now filled it.

I recognized only the wall-paper. The furniture had been removed, the carpet taken up, the boards waxed to a high degree of slipperiness; and across the far end stretched a buffet-table presided over by a venerable person in black, with white hair, a high clear complexion, and a deportment which hit a nice mean between the military and the episcopal.

I had scarcely time to tell myself that this must be Mr. Horrex, the butler, before he looked up and caught sight of me. His features underwent a sudden and astonishing change; and almost dropping a bottle of champagne in his flurry, he came swiftly round the end of the buffet toward me.

I know not how to interpret his expression: surprise was in it, and eagerness, and suppressed agitation, and an appeal for secrecy, and at the same time (if I mistook not) a deep relief.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he began in a sort of confidential whisper, very quick and low, "but I was not aware you had arrived."

I gazed at him with stern inquiry.

"You are Mr. Richardson, are you not?" he asked. There could be no doubt of his agitation.

"I am; and I have been in this, my house, for some three-quarters of an hour."

"They never told me," he groaned. "And I left particular instructions— But perhaps you have already seen the mistress?"

"I have not. May I ask you to take me to her—since I have not the pleasure of her acquaintance?"

"Cert'nly, sir. Oh, at once! She is in the drawing-room putting the best face on it. Twice she has sent in to know if you have arrived, and I sent word, 'No, not yet,' though it cut me to the 'eart.'"

"She is anxious to see me?"

"Desp'rit, sir."

"She thinks to avoid exposure, then?" said I darkly, keeping a set face.

"She 'opes, sir: she devoutly 'opes." He groaned and led the way. "It may, after all, be a lesson to Mr. Herbert," he muttered as we reached the landing.

"I fancy it's going to be a lesson to several of you."

"The things we've 'ad to keep dark, sir—the goings-on!"

"I can well believe it."

"I was in some doubts about you, sir—begging your pardon: but in spite of the dress, sir—which gives a larkly appearance, if I may say it—and doubtless is so meant—you reassure me, sir: you do, indeed. I feel



She was in trouble





I discovered Horrex listening

the worst is over. We can put ourselves in your 'ands."

"You have certainly done that," said I. "As for the worst being over—"

We were in the drawing-room by this time, and he plucked me by the sleeve in his excitement, yet deferentially. "Yonder is the mistress, sir—in the yellow h'Empire sat-in—talking with the gentleman in sky-blue Nationals. Ah, she sees you!"

She did. And I read at once in her beautiful eyes that while talking with her part-

ner she had been watching the door for me. She came toward me with an eager catch of the breath—one so very like a cry of relief that in the act of holding out her hand she had to turn to the nearest guests and explain.

"It's Mr. Richardson—'George Anthony,' you know—who wrote 'Larks in Aspic'! I had set my heart on his coming, and had almost given him up. Why are you so cruelly late?" she demanded, turning her eyes on mine.

Her hand was still held out to me. I had meant to hold myself up stiffly and decline it: but somehow I could not. She was a woman, after all, and her look told me—and me only—that she was in trouble. Also I knew her by face and by report. I had seen her acting in more than one exceedingly stupid "musical comedy," and wondered why "Clara Joy" condescended to waste herself upon such inanities. I recalled certain notes in her voice, certain moments when, in the midst of the service of folly, she had seemed to isolate herself and stand watching aloof from the audience and her fellow-actors, almost pathetically alone. Report said, too, that she was good, and that she had domestic troubles, though it had not reached me what these troubles were. Certainly she appeared altogether too good for these third-rate guests—for third-rate they were to the most casual eye. And the trouble, which signalled to me now in her look, clearly, and to my astonishment, included no remorse for having walked into a stranger's house and turned it upside down without so much as a by-your-leave. She claimed my goodwill confidently, without any appeal to be forgiven. I held my feelings under rein and took her hand.

As I released it she motioned me to give her my arm. "I must find you supper at once," she said quietly, in a tone that warned me not to decline. "Not—not in there; we will try the library downstairs."

Down to the library I led her accordingly, and somehow was aware—by that supernumerary sense which works at times in the back of a man's head—of Horrex discreetly following us. At the library door she turned to him. "When I ring," she said. He bowed and withdrew.

The room was empty and dark. She switched on the electric light and nodded to me to close the door.

"Take that off, please," she commanded. "I beg your pardon? . . . Ah, to be sure—" I had forgotten my false nose.

"How did Herbert pick up with you?" she asked musingly. "His friends are not usually so—so—"

"Respectable?" I suggested. "I think I meant to say 'presentable.' They are never respectable by any chance."

"Then, happily, it still remains to be proved that I am one of them."

"He seems to reckon you high among them, at any rate, since he gave your name."

"Gave my name? To whom?"

"Oh, I don't know—to the magistrate—or the policeman—or whoever it is. I have never been in a police cell myself," she added, with a small smile.

"Is Herbert, then, in a police cell?"

She nodded. "At Vine Street. He wants to be bailed out."

"What amount?"

"Himself in ten pounds and a friend in another ten. He gave your name: and the policeman is waiting for the answer."

"I see," said I; "but excuse me if I fail to see why, being apparently so impatient to bail him out, you have waited for me. To be sure (for reasons which are dark to me) he appears to have given my name to the police: but we will put that riddle aside for the moment. Any respectable citizen would have served, with the money to back him. Why not have sent Horrex, for example?"

"But I thought the—"

"Surety?"—I suggested. "I thought he must be a householder. No," she cried, as I turned away with a slight shrug of the shoulder, "that was not the real reason! Herbert is—oh, why will you force me to say it?"

"I beg your pardon," said I. "He is at certain times not too tractable; Horrex, in particular, can not be trusted to manage him; and—and in short you wish him released as soon as possible, but not brought home to this house until your guests have taken leave?"

She nodded at me with swimming eyes. She was passing beautiful, more beautiful than I had thought.

"Yes, yes; you understand! And I thought that—as his friend—and with your influence over him—"

I pulled out my watch. "Has Horrex a hansom in waiting?"

"A four-wheeler," she corrected me. "Our eyes met, and with a great pity I read in hers that she knew only too well the kind of cab suitable."

"Then let us have in the policeman. A four-wheeler will be better, as you suggest, since with your leave I am going to take Horrex with me. The fact is, I am a little in doubt as to my influence: for to tell you the plain truth, I have never to my knowledge set eyes on your husband."

"My husband?" She paused with her hand on the bell-pull, and gazed at me blankly. "My husband?" She began to laugh softly, uncannily, in a way that tore my heart. "Herbert is my brother."

"Oh!" said I, feeling pretty much of a fool.

"But what gave you—that do you mean—"

"Lord knows," I interrupted her: "but if you will tell Horrex to get himself and the policeman into the cab, I will run upstairs, dress, and join them in five minutes."

## IV

In five minutes I had donned my ordinary clothes again, and, descending through the pack of guests to the front door, found a four-wheeler waiting, with Horrex inside and a policeman whom, as I guessed, he had been drugging with strong waters for an hour past in some secluded chamber of the house. The fellow was somnolent, and in sepulchral silence we journeyed to Vine Street. There I chose to be conducted to the cell alone, and Mr. Horrex, hearing my decision, said fervently, "May you be rewarded for your goodness to me and mine!"

I discovered afterward that he had a growing family of six dependent on him, and think this must explain a gratefulness which puzzled me at the time.

"He's quieter this last half-hour," said the police sergeant, unlocking the cell and opening the door with extreme caution.

The light fell, and my eyes rested on a sandy-haired youth with a receding chin, a black eye, a crumpled shirt-front smeared with blood, and a dress-suit split and soiled with much rolling in the dust.

"Friend of yours, sir, to bail you out," announced the sergeant.

"I have no friends," answered the prisoner in hollow tones. "Who's this Johnny?"

"My name is Richardson," I began.

"From the Grampian Hills? Al' ri, old man, what can I do for you?"

"Well, if you've no objection, I've come to bail you out."

"Norra a bit of it. Go 'way! I want t' other Richardson, good old larks-in-aspic! Sergeant—"

"Yessir." "I protest—you hear?—protest in sacred name of law: case of mish—case of mistaken 'dentity. Not this Richardson—take him away! Don't blame you: common name. Richardson I want has whiskers down to here, tiddy-fol-ol; call's 'em Piccadilly weepers. Can't mistake him. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

"Look here," said I, "just you listen to this; I'm Richardson, and I'm here to bail you out."

"Can't do it, old man; mean well, no doubt, but can't do it. One man lead a horse to the water—twenty can't bail him out. Go 'way and don't fuss."

I glanced at the sergeant. "You'll let me deal with him as I like?" I asked.

He grinned. "Bless you, sir, we're used to it. I ain't listening."

"Thank you." I turned to the prisoner. "Now, then, you drunken little hog, stand up and walk," said I, taking him by the ear and keeping my left ready.

I suppose that the drink suddenly left him weak, for he stood up at once.

"There's some ho—horrible mistake," he began to whimper; "but if the worst comes to the worst, you'll adopt me, won't you?"

Still holding him by the ear, I led him forth and flung him into the cab, in a corner of which the trembling Horrex had already huddled himself. He fell, indeed, across Horrex's knees, and screamed aloud.

"Softly, softly, Master 'Erbert," whispered the poor man soothingly. "It's only poor old Horrex, that you've known since a boy."

"Horrex?" Master Herbert straightened himself up.

"Do I understand you to say, sir, that your name is Horrex? Then allow me to tell you, Horrex, that you are no gentleman. You hear?" He spoke with anxious lucidity, leaning forward and tapping the butler on the knee. "No gentleman."

"No, sir," assented Horrex.

"That being the case, we'll say no more about it. I decline to argue with you. If you're waking, call me early—there's many a black, black eye, Horrex, but none so black as mine. Call me at eleven-fifteen, bringing with you this gentleman's head on a charger, and his blood in a bottle. Goo'-night, go to by-by. . . ."

By the fleeting light of a street-lamp I saw his head drop forward, and a minute later he was gently snoring.

It was agreed that on reaching home Master Herbert must be smuggled into the basement of No. 402 and put to rest on Horrex's own bed; also that, to avoid the line of carriages waiting in the Cromwell Road for the departing guests, the cab should take us round to the gardens at the back. I carried on my chain a key which would admit us to these and unlock the small gate between them and the kitchens. This plan of action so delighted Horrex that for a moment I feared he was going to clasp my hands.

"If it wasn't irreverent, sir, I could almost say you had dropped on me from heaven!"

"You may alter your opinion," said I grimly, "before I've done dropping on you."

At the garden entrance we paid and dismissed the cab. I took Master Herbert's shoulder and Horrex his heels, and between us we carried his limp body across the turf, a procession so suggestive of dark and secret tragedy that I blessed our luck for protecting us from

the casual intrusive policeman. Our entrance by the kitchen passage, however, was not so fortunate. Stealthily as we trod, our footsteps reached the ears in the servants' hall, and we were met by William and a small but compact body of female servants urging him to armed resistance. A kitchen-maid fainted away as soon as we were recognized, and the strain of terror relaxed.

I saw at once that Master Herbert's condition caused them no surprise. We carried him to the servants' hall and laid him in an armchair, to rest our arms, while the motherly cook lifted his unconscious head to lay a pillow beneath it.

As she did so, a bell jangled furiously on the wall above.

"Good Lord!" Horrex turned a scared face up at it.

"The library!"

"What's the matter in the library?"

But he was gone: to reappear, a minute later, with a face whiter than ever.

"The mistress wants you at onst, sir, if you'll follow me. William, run out and see if you can raise another cab—four-wheeler."

"What, at this time of night?" answered William.

"Get along with you!"

"Do your best, lad." Mr. Horrex appealed gently but with pathetic dignity. "If there's miracles indoors there may be miracles outside. This way, sir!"

He led me to the library door, knocked softly, opened it, and stood aside for me to enter.

Within stood his mistress, confronting another policeman!

Her hands rested on the back of a library chair; and though she stood up bravely and held herself erect with her finger-tips pressed hard into the leather, I saw that she was swaying on the verge of hysterics, and I had the sense to speak sharply.

"What's the meaning of this?" I demanded.

"This one—says—he comes from Marlborough Street," she gasped.

I stepped back to the door, opened it, and, as I expected, discovered Horrex listening.

"A bottle of champagne and a glass at once," I commanded, and he sped. "And now, Miss Joy, if you please, the constable and I will do the talking. What's your business?"

"Prisoner wants bail," answered the policeman.

"Name?"

"George Anthony Richardson."

"Yes, yes—but I mean the prisoner's name."

"That's what I'm telling you. 'George Anthony Richardson, four-nought-two, Cromwell Road'—that's the name on the sheet, and I heard him give it myself."

"And I thought, of course, it must be you," put in Clara; "and I wondered what dreadful thing could have happened—until Horrex appeared and told me you were safe, and Herbert, too—"

"I think," said I, going to the door again and taking the tray from Horrex, "that you were not to talk. Drink this, please."

She took the glass, but with a rebellious face. "Oh, if you take that tone with me—"

"I do. And now," I turned to the constable, "what name did he give for his surety?"

"Herbert Jarmayne, same address."

"Herbert Jarmayne?" I glanced at Clara, who nodded back, pausing as she lifted her glass. "Ah! yes—yes, of course. How much?"

"Two tenners."

"Deep answering deep. Drunk and disorderly, I suppose?"

"Blind. He was breaking glasses at Toscano's and



Mr. Herbert

swearing he was Sir Charles Wyndham in 'David Garrick': but he settled down quiet at the station, and when I left he was talking religious and saying he pitied nine-tenths of the world, for they were going to get it hot."

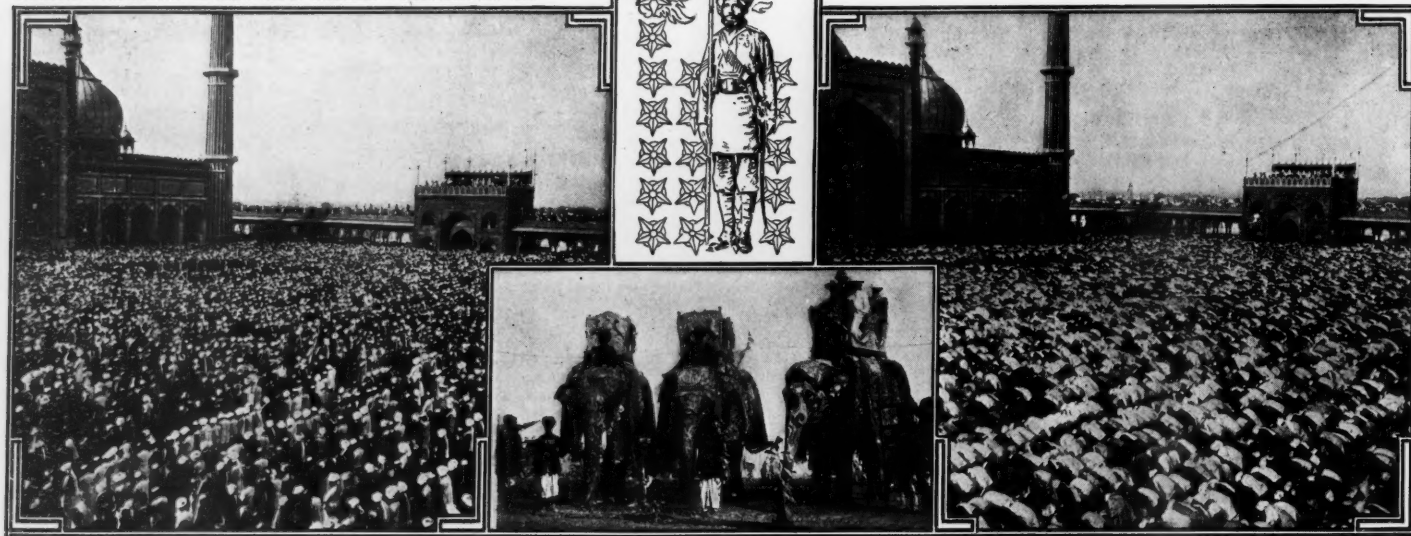
"Trewlove!" I almost shouted, wheeling round upon Clara.

"I beg your pardon?"

"No, of course—you wouldn't understand. But all the same it's Trewlove," I cried, radiant. "Eh?"—

(Continued on Page 24)

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The Mosque of Juma Musjid

The State Elephants of the Maharaja of Cashmere

Natives at Prayer in the Court of the Mosque

## The Pomp and Splendor of the Delhi Durbar

**T**HE RECENT DURBAR held at the ancient city of Delhi, the city where stands the marvellous mosque, Juma Musjid, was in fact nothing less than a gigantic court "drawing-room." Here were received by the Viceroy the great native potentates of Hindustan, with all the circumstance and ceremony known to Oriental practice. The princes in question came as the representatives of their millions of subjects, and they came to hear out of the mouth of their Governor-General, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, the proclamation of a new monarch's accession—Edward VII., Emperor of India. Outside Delhi a vast camp had been formed of the tents harboring all the native princes and their numerous resplendent retinues, the high officials of state, and the military authorities, to say nothing of forty thousand soldiers of the rank and file. The processions, reviews, presentations, bestowal of medals and orders, religious celebrations, social festivities, filled up the biggest part of a fortnight. The Durbar proper—the ceremony of announcement by the Viceroy of his master's enthronement—took place in a huge amphitheatre, specially erected for the purpose, in the presence of an audience numbering twenty thousand souls.

The principal personage of this grand event was, of course, Lord Curzon of Kedleston. To him the great

ones of India did homage and swore fealty—to him, that is, as the human symbol of the supreme White Sahib, the mighty, the mysterious overseer of three hundred million destinies. But with India's vice-king was India's vice-queen. She, too, was saluted by proud nawabs, potent bahadurs, and glorious maharajas. She was also decorated with an imperial order, the gold medal of the Kaiser-I-Hind. This was conferred upon Lady Curzon by her viceregal spouse in the name of King Edward. It was an earnest of his Majesty's gratitude to her because of her admirable efforts toward the betterment of India's female population. Another American lady present with her husband at the Durbar was the Duchess of Marlborough, once Miss Vanderbilt. The Duke of Connaught—King Edward's brother—and his Duchess likewise attended, and so did Lord Kitchener, the new commander-in-chief of all the troops in the Himalayan peninsula.

Most auspicious was the very beginning of the celebration: the triumphal procession into the sacred city of Delhi of Britain's vassal princes. In a long line, mounted on their gorgeously caparisoned elephants of state, they entered Delhi, to do the Viceroy preliminary honors. The trunks and ears of nearly all the mammoth bearers of India's potentates were painted with strange native designs. Especially unique was the artistic workmanship displayed in the painting on the Maharaja of Cashmere's elephant. The howdahs

formed articles of furniture sumptuous beyond belief. Some of them were made of solid silver, richly chased or embossed. Others were studded with costly gems. All were cushioned with handsome upholsteries and shaded by beautiful parasols of every imaginable color and form. The gigantic beasts also wore silver anklets and yards of silver chain, and, in some cases, even their ivory tusks were adorned with precious metals or stones.

Yet more magnificent appeared the occupants of the howdahs—native rulers from all parts of Hindustan, from the torrid jungles of Ceylon, the wild mountains of Garwal, the vast flats of Burma—many among them descended from ancient families that have been builders of Indian history, that have left enduring monuments of their fame. Witness the temples and tombs alone for which India is noted above all the countries of the earth. The apparel of these princes baffles description. Some wore diadems as brilliant as any royal crown, others had enormous earrings of diamonds and rubies, others again were adorned with necklaces consisting of ropes of large uncut emeralds.

Of the religious rites enacted as a part of the Durbar, none was more striking than the service at the Juma Musjid, the renowned mosque of Delhi. Here thousands of worshippers assembled for devout prostration and prayer to the God they name Allah, and whose prophet they call Mahomet.

## The Case of Apostle Smoot

By Clinton Brooks Leigh

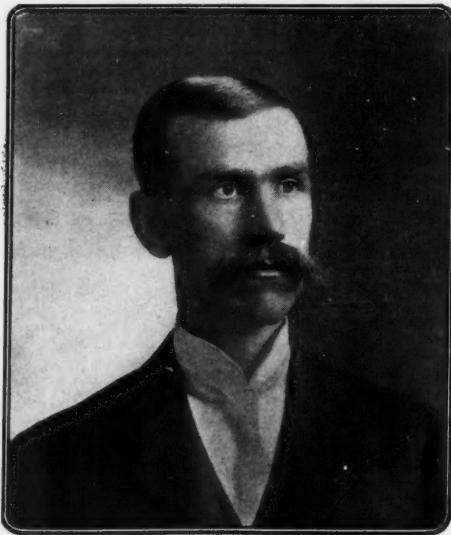
**R**EED SMOOT, Senator-elect from the State of Utah, Apostle of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, seer and prophet, will occupy a large share of public attention in the next few months. Although the unanimous nominee of the Republican caucus and receiving forty-six out of a total of sixty-three votes in the Legislature of Utah, as the successor of Joseph Rawlins in the United States Senate for the term beginning March 4 next, a vigorous movement has already started to prevent his being seated in the upper House of Congress. This movement against Smoot had its inception with the Ministerial Association of Salt Lake City, the same body which started the fight that resulted in the ousting of Brigham H. Roberts from the House of Representatives.

The fight against Apostle Smoot is based primarily upon his high Church position, and not, as in the case of Roberts, on account of any charge of polygamy. No one has ever charged Smoot with having a plurality of wives. It is, however, openly charged by the Ministerial Association that polygamy is still practiced in the Mormon Church and that Smoot, in his official capacity in the Church, must know of and countenance it in others. But the chief ground of opposition is that Smoot, having taken the "Endowment oath," owes his first allegiance to the Mormon Church and could not give undivided allegiance to the United States Government. A mass of evidence bearing on this view of the question is being collected and will be presented to the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections when that body shall take up the case of Apostle Smoot.

### The Hierarchy of Mormonism

The position of an Apostle in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, otherwise the Mormon Church, is perhaps not correctly understood by the great majority of the American people. To arrive at a proper understanding, it may be necessary to make some comparisons. The head of the Mormon Church is the First President. Next in line of succession to him are the Twelve Apostles. These men, according to the belief of the faithful, are the mouthpieces of God himself—the law-givers and prophets of His chosen people. Below them are the Councils of Seventies, Stake Presidents, Bishops of Wards and various other officers, each male Mormon of mature age being an elder and preacher of the word. The President of the Quorum of Apostles is the heir apparent to the First Presidency, and others of the twelve followers in the order of seniority of their consecration to the apostolate. The

First President is the successor of Joseph Smith, of Brigham Young and others in the line of Prophets who have presided over the destinies of this organization, which now has a claimed membership of more than 300,000 persons. Apostle Smoot is eighth in the line of succession to the present First President, Joseph F. Smith, and being a man scarcely forty years of age and



REED SMOOT  
Senator-Elect from Utah

those above him being much older, the possibility of his becoming the head of the Church during the six years for which he has been chosen as Senator is by no means remote.

Relatively, the First President of the Mormon Church has as much power over his followers as Pope Leo XIII. has over the consciences of those who profess the faith

of the Roman Catholic Church. The position of an Apostle is therefore much the same as that of a Cardinal of the Roman Church. The intensity of the opposition to Apostle Smoot among the Protestant (so-called "Gentile") people of Utah may best be gauged by supposing that Cardinal Gibbons should knock for admission to the United States Senate as a Senator from the State of Maryland.

That Apostle Smoot is a man of ability, a man of affairs and thoroughly clean in all the relations of life is admitted by his bitterest opponents. His time is not given to his ecclesiastical office exclusively, as in the case of bishops or ministers of other denominations. On the other hand, his apostolic functions consist almost entirely of attending the weekly meetings of the Quorum of Apostles, which are held within the secret precincts of the great Temple in Salt Lake City, behind doors that are barred and guarded as jealously as was the inner sanctuary of the ancient temple of the Jews at Jerusalem. Since preachers are plentiful in the Mormon Church, he is not often called upon to exercise his priestly duties in this regard. He is a man of large business affairs; a banker, merchant and director of many business corporations, and considered among the wealthiest men of Utah.

### The Oath Taken by Mr. Smoot

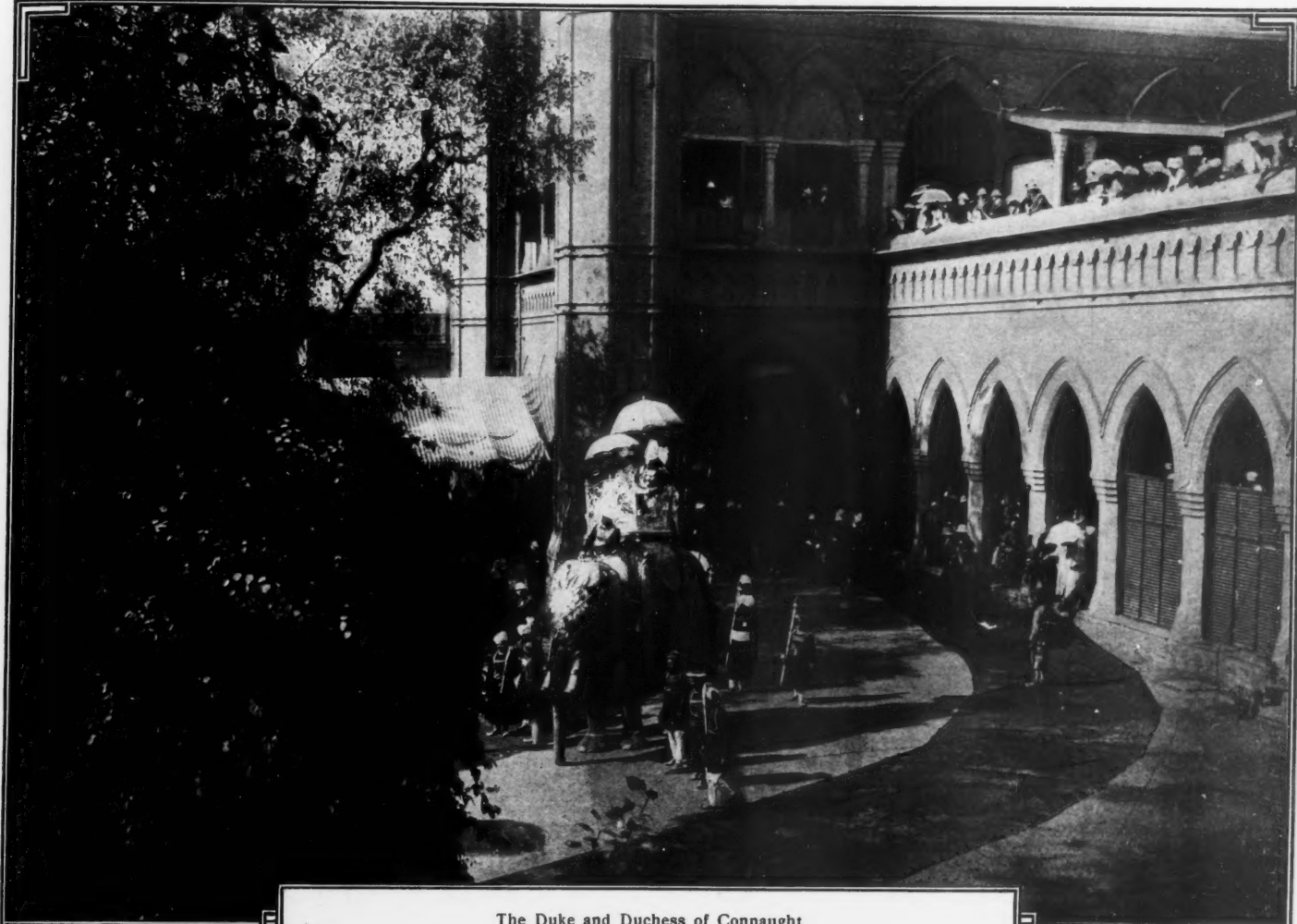
This is Apostle Smoot's side of the question. Those who oppose his being seated in the Senate bring up in response the testimony of witnesses, produced in the Federal Court in 1889, showing the purposes and effects of the "Endowment oath," which, they allege, Apostle Smoot, in his capacity as an Apostle, is bound to support. The testimony of Henry W. Lawrence, from a stenographic copy on file in the Federal Court, is subjoined:

"The Endowment house ceremonies are taught orally and are not written; there is a covenant taken to avenge the blood of the prophets, and reference is made in that connection to Joseph and Hyrum Smith. In substance it is: 'You each and all agree to avenge the blood of the prophets, Joseph and Hyrum, who have sealed their testimony with their blood; this you will teach to your children and your children's children to the third and fourth generation. This you do in the presence of God and ministering angels.'

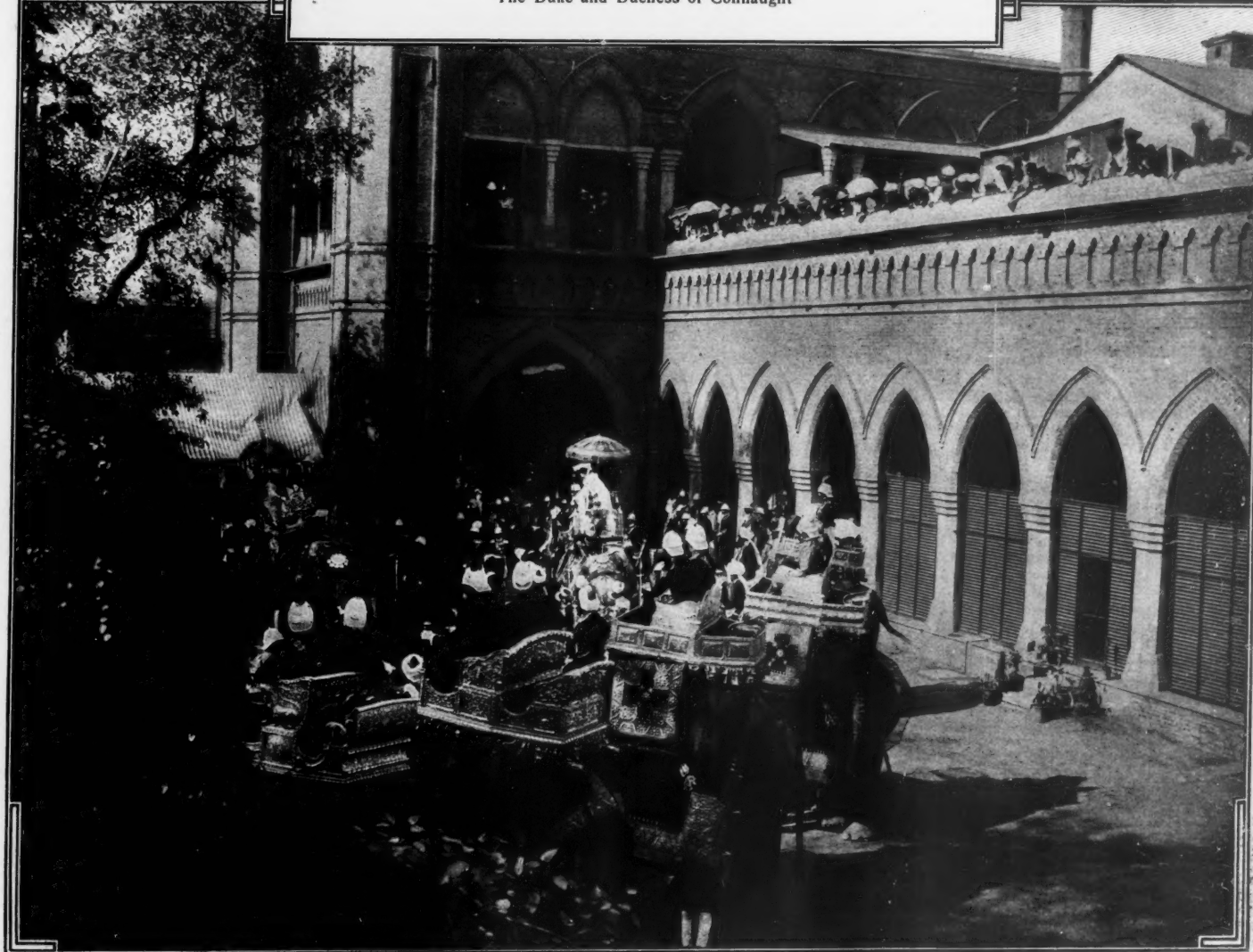
"There is another covenant to obey the priesthood in all things, and a covenant prohibiting adultery, and there are certain penalties for violating the covenants or revealing the secrets of the house; there is a covenant that you will keep yourself true to the wives who are given you by the priesthood."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAJA DEEN DAZAL AND SONS



The Duke and Duchess of Connaught



Lady Curzon, Vice-Queen of India, descending from her Elephant after the Proclamation Ceremony

## SCENES OF ORIENTAL SPLendor AT THE DELHI DURBAR

# WOULDN'T YOU BUY A \$500 U. S. Bond for \$10 Down THEN BALANCE AT \$6 PER MONTH ?



Wouldn't you at least be anxious to learn all the facts of such an unusual offer ?

**A**ND if the largest real estate firm in the world offered to sell you a \$510 lot in Greater New York for \$10 down and \$6 a month—a lot that will likely be worth many times the value of a \$500 Government Bond within a few years—and the proposition was made by a firm just as reliable, just as substantial in financial circles as the United States Government is among the nations of the world—a firm that has over 30,000 customers, in New York, in every State in the Union, in practically every country on the globe; a firm that has been entrusted with millions upon millions of dollars of these customers for investment and homes—we say, wouldn't the offer of such a firm be well worth investigating ? Wouldn't you be just as anxious to hear their story ?

During the past two seasons our advertisements have appeared in the leading magazines and religious publications of the country. In them we told you as convincingly as we knew how, of the extraordinary real estate conditions existing in New York City—how these conditions were due to the tremendous annual increase in population (over 110,000 a year)—the restricted territory in which New York can possibly expand—and the limited amount of land to be had in this Empire City of the World.

Thousands have taken advantage of our offer. Hundreds have visited New York—confirmed every statement we have made—were convinced—and BOUGHT—many of them buying two to four times as much as they originally bought by mail.

**In the past 4 years we have sold over seven millions of dollars' worth of New York property.**

Doesn't it seem fair to presume that the same reasons which convinced so many thousands of practical, thinking men and women everywhere, of the undoubted value of our proposition, would convince YOU ? Isn't it worth the time at least to send us your name to-day—and learn how you may make thousands by paying \$10 down and \$6 a month, or \$510 in all ?

This may sound extravagant—yet every statement we make is based upon a fact—it is in evidence—it can be verified—it can be SEEN. Naturally we will be accused of being biased in our opinions—of painting New York's future in too rosy colors—but what would you think—

## IF RUSSELL SAGE TOLD YOU

**That You Could Make a Fortune in New York Real Estate —**

(especially if it were to cost you only \$10 down and \$6 a month) wouldn't you be impressed ? Well, listen ! Here's just what Mr. Sage did say in the New York World of September 28, 1902 :



"I do not think the future of New York can be depicted in terms any too glowing. The most fanciful writers cannot exaggerate the greatness of its future.

"A man who buys real estate in any of the five boroughs—of course exercising average good judgment—has a fortune before him. Brooklyn is growing at the rate of 75,000 people a year.

"Young man, buy real estate in the outlying boroughs, and then work hard at your usual avocation. Your real estate purchases will make your old age comfortable."

RUSSELL SAGE.

Our properties are located in Brooklyn—it is therefore a very significant fact when Mr. Sage says "*Brooklyn is growing at the rate of 75,000 people a year.*" Think of it ! That means *three-fourths* of all New York's enormous yearly increase of population.

REFERENCES: 20 National Banks, the Commercial Agencies, prominent magazines and religious periodicals, and the written testimony of thousands of satisfied customers whose addresses will be furnished upon application.

### Free Trip to New York

As a guarantee of good faith, we agree with all persons living East of Chicago, to pay you in cash the cost of your railroad fare to New York and return, if you visit our property and find one word of this advertisement a misrepresentation ; or, in case you buy, we will credit cost of the fare on your purchase ; to those living farther away we will pay a proportion equal to round-trip Chicago ticket—\$36.

Remember if you should die at any time before payments have been completed, we will give to your heirs a deed of the lot without further cost. If you should lose employment or be sick, you will not forfeit the land.

Remember also that your purchase is made with the distinct understanding that we will refund all money paid us, with 6% interest added if, after visiting New York within one year, it is found that we have misrepresented our proposition in the slightest particular. You will therefore run no risk whatever in sending us \$10 first payment, immediately, to secure earliest selection and share from the start the increase in values. But write under all circumstances. You would not be fair to yourself if you failed to look into this matter at least. Fill out subjoined coupon and mail it to us to-day. That costs two cents and a minute's time. Isn't it worth while ?

**WOOD, HARMON & COMPANY**  
Dept. AB-7, 257 Broadway, New York

WOOD, HARMON & CO., Dept. AB-7, 257 Broadway, New York

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$..... as first payment on..... lot..... on your New York properties.  
[Leave order line blank if information only is desired.]

Please send me full particulars of your New York properties and proposition.

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Unusual opportunities for a limited number of energetic men of unquestioned reputation to act as our permanent representatives in their own community. Write us for particulars, addressing "Agency Department AB-7," as above.





# THE LONG NIGHT

BY STANLEY WEYMAN

Author of "A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE," ETC.

Illustrated by Solomon J. Solomon



## SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Claude Mercier, a young French student, comes to Geneva toward the close of the year 1602, to pursue his studies. On the night of his arrival he is led into a quarrel by Grio, a roistering soldier. Fighting is prevented by the appearance of the Syndic, Messer Blondel. Mercier seeks lodgings at the house of Mme. Koyaume. Her daughter tries to persuade him, for some mysterious reason, not to reside there, but he insists. At this house Grio and Basterga, a scientist, discuss a plot for the acquisition of Geneva by Savoy, and in order to gain the connivance of the Syndic Basterga alleges the possession of a remedy for the fatal disease with which Blondel thinks he is afflicted. Meanwhile the Council of Geneva has been informed that Basterga is a suspicious character, and the duty of watching him is put upon the Syndic.

## CHAPTER VII

### A Second Tissot

**M**ESSER BLONDEL'S sagacity in abstaining completely and for so long a period from the neighborhood of Basterga proved a surprise, and an unpleasant surprise, to one man, and that the man most concerned. For a day or two the scholar lived in a fool's paradise; and hugging himself on certain success, anticipated with confidence the entertainment which he would derive from the antics of the fish as it played about the bait, now advancing and now retreating. He had formed no high opinion of the magistrate's astuteness, and, forgetting that there is a cunning which is rudimentary and of the primitives, he entertained for some time no misgiving. But when day after day went by and still, though nearly a week had elapsed, Blondel did not appear nor make any overture—when, watch he never so carefully in the dusk of the evening or at the quiet hours of the day, he caught no glimpse of his lurking figure—he began to doubt. He began to wait about the door himself in the hope of detecting the other, and a dozen times between dawn and dark he was on his feet at the upper window, looking warily down on the chance of seeing him in the Corratierie.

At length, slowly and against his will, the fear that the fish would not bite began to take hold of him. Either the Syndic was honest, or he was patient as well as cunning. In no other way could Basterga explain his dupe's inaction. And then when he had almost come to accept the former conclusion, on an evening something more than a week later a thing happened. He was crossing the bridge from the Quarter of St. Gervais; suddenly a man cloaked to the eyes slipped from the shadow of one of the mills—a little before him—and with a slight but unmistakable gesture of invitation proceeded in front of him without turning his head. There was mist on the face of the river, a steady rain was falling, darkness itself was not far off. There were few abroad, and these were going their ways without looking behind them. A better time for a secret rendezvous could not have been chosen, and Messer Basterga's heart leaped up and his spirits rose as he followed the cloaked figure. At the end of the bridge the man turned leftward on to a deserted wharf between two mills. Basterga followed. Near the water's edge the projecting upper floor of a granary promised shelter from the rain, and under this the stranger halted, and turning lowered with a brusque gesture his cloak from his face. The eager "Why, Messer Blondel—" died on Basterga's lips. He stood speechless with disappointment. The stranger laughed dryly.

"Well," he said in French, his tone dry and sarcastic, "you do not seem overpleased to see me, M. Basterga! Nor am I surprised. Large promises have often small fulfillments!"

"His Highness has discovered that?" Basterga replied, in a tone no less sarcastic.

The stranger's eyes flickered as if the other's words touched a sore. "His Highness is growing impatient!" he returned, his tone somewhat warmer. "That is what he sent me to say. He has waited long and he bids me say that if he is to wait longer he must have

some security that you are likely to succeed in your design."

"Or he will employ other means?"

"Precisely. Had he followed my advice," the stranger continued, with an air of cool contempt, "he would have done so long ago."

"M. d'Albigny," Basterga answered, spreading out his hands with an ironical gesture, "would prefer to dig mines under the Tour du Pin near the College and under the Porte Neuve! To smuggle fireworks into the Arsenal and the Town House; and, then, on the eve of execution, to fail as utterly as it is possible to fail! More utterly than my plan can fail, for I shall not put Geneva on its guard—as he did! Nor set every enemy of the Grand Duke taking!"

M. d'Albigny—he it was—let drop an oath. "Are you doing anything at all?" he asked savagely. "That is the question. Are you moving?"

"That will appear."

"When? When, man? That is what his Highness wants to know. At present there is no appearance of anything."

"No," Basterga replied with fine irony. "There is not. I know it. It is only when the fireworks are discovered and the mines opened and the engineers are flying for their lives—that there is a really fine appearance of something."

"And that is the answer I am to carry to the Grand Duke?" D'Albigny retorted in a tone which betrayed how deeply he resented such taunts at the lips of his inferior. "That is all you have to tell him?"

Basterga was silent awhile. When he spoke again it was in a lower and more cautious tone. "No, you may tell his Highness this," he said. "The longest night in the year is approaching. Not many weeks divide us from it. Let him give me until that night. Then let him bring his troops and ladders and the rest of it—the care whereof is your lordship's, not mine—to a part of the walls which I will indicate, and he shall find the guards withdrawn and Geneva at his feet."

"The longest night? But that is some weeks distant," D'Albigny answered in a grumbling tone. Nevertheless, it was evident that he was impressed by the precision of the other's promise.

"he is wiser than M. d'Albigny. He knows that it is better to wait and win, than leap and lose."

"But what of the discontented you were to bring to a head?" D'Albigny retorted, remembering with impatience another head of complaint, and one on which he had been charged to deliver himself. "The old soldiers and rufflers whom the peace has left unemployed, and with whom Grio was to aid you? Surely waiting will not help you with them! There should be some in Geneva who like not the rule of the Pastors, and the drone of psalms and hymns! Men, who, if I know them, must be on fire for a change? Come, Monsieur Basterga, is no use to be made of them?"

"Ay," Basterga answered, after stepping back a pace to assure himself by a careful look that no one was remarking a colloquy which the time and the weather rendered suspicious. "Use them if you please. Let them drink and swear and raise petty riots and keep the Syndics on their guard! It is all they are good for, M. d'Albigny, and I can not say that aught keeps back the cause so much as Grio's friends and their line of conduct!"

"So! that is your opinion, is it, Monsieur Basterga?" D'Albigny answered. "And with it I must go as I came! I am of no use here, it seems?"

"Of great use presently, of none now," Basterga replied seriously, and with greater respect than he had hitherto exhibited. "Frankly, M. d'Albigny, they fear you and suspect you. But if President Rochette of Chambéry, who has the confidence of the Pastors, were to visit us on some pretext or other, say to settle such small matters as the Peace has left in doubt, it might soothe their spirits and allay their suspicions. He, rather than M. d'Albigny, is the neighbor I need at present."

D'Albigny grunted, but it was evident that the other's boldness no less than his reasons impressed him. "You think then that they suspect us?" he said.

"How should they not? Tell me that. How should they not? Rochette's task should be to lull those suspicions to sleep. In the meantime I—"

"Yes."

"Will be at work," Basterga replied. And he laughed dryly as if it pleased him to balk the other's curiosity.

Then he added under his breath:

"Captique dolis, lacrimisque coactis  
Quos neque Tydides, nec Larrissæus  
Achilles  
Non anni domuere decem, non mille  
carinæ!"

D'Albigny nodded. "Well, I hope you are really going on something. For you are taking a great deal upon yourself, Monsieur Basterga," he continued. "I hope you understand that."

"I take all on myself," the big man answered.

The Frenchman was far from content, but he argued no more. He reflected a moment, his chin on his hand, considering probably whether he had forgotten anything; then, muttering that he would convey Basterga's views to the Grand Duke, he pulled his cloak more closely about his face, and with a curt nod of farewell he turned and walked on to the bridge. He set his face toward the bank from which he had come, and almost at once was lost behind the wooden mills and sheds which flanked the bridge. A few strides, he was gone, and Basterga found himself at liberty to leave his shelter and pursue his way through the gathering darkness to his lodging. Thinking deeply as he went, he came at length to the Corratierie, mounted the four steps, raised the latch and entered the house, shaking the moisture from his cloak and cap. He found the others at table, and well advanced in their meal.

He was a clever man. But at times, in moments of irritation, the sense of his cleverness and his superiority to the mass of men led him to do the thing he had better have left undone. It was so this evening. Face to face with D'Albigny, he had put a bold face on the difficulties which surrounded him: he had let no sign of doubt or uncertainty, no word of fear respecting the future, escape him. But the moment he found himself alone, the critical situation of his affairs, if the Syndic refused to take the bait, recurred to his mind and harassed him. He had no confidant, no one to whom he could breathe his fears, or explain the situation, or with whom he could take credit for his coolness, and the curb of silence, while it exasperated his temper, augmented a hundredfold the



He was on his feet,—his face on fire

"Was Rome built in a day? Or can Geneva be destroyed in a day?" Basterga retorted.

"If I had my hand on it!" D'Albigny answered truculently, "the task would not take more than a day!" He was a Southern Frenchman and an ardent Catholic; an officer of high rank in the employ of Savoy.

"Ay, but you have not your hand on it, M. D'Albigny!" Basterga retorted, coolly. "Nor will you ever have it, without help from me."

"And that is all you have to say?"

"At present."

"Very good," D'Albigny replied, nodding contemptuously. "If his Highness be wise—"

"He is wise. At least," Basterga continued boldly,



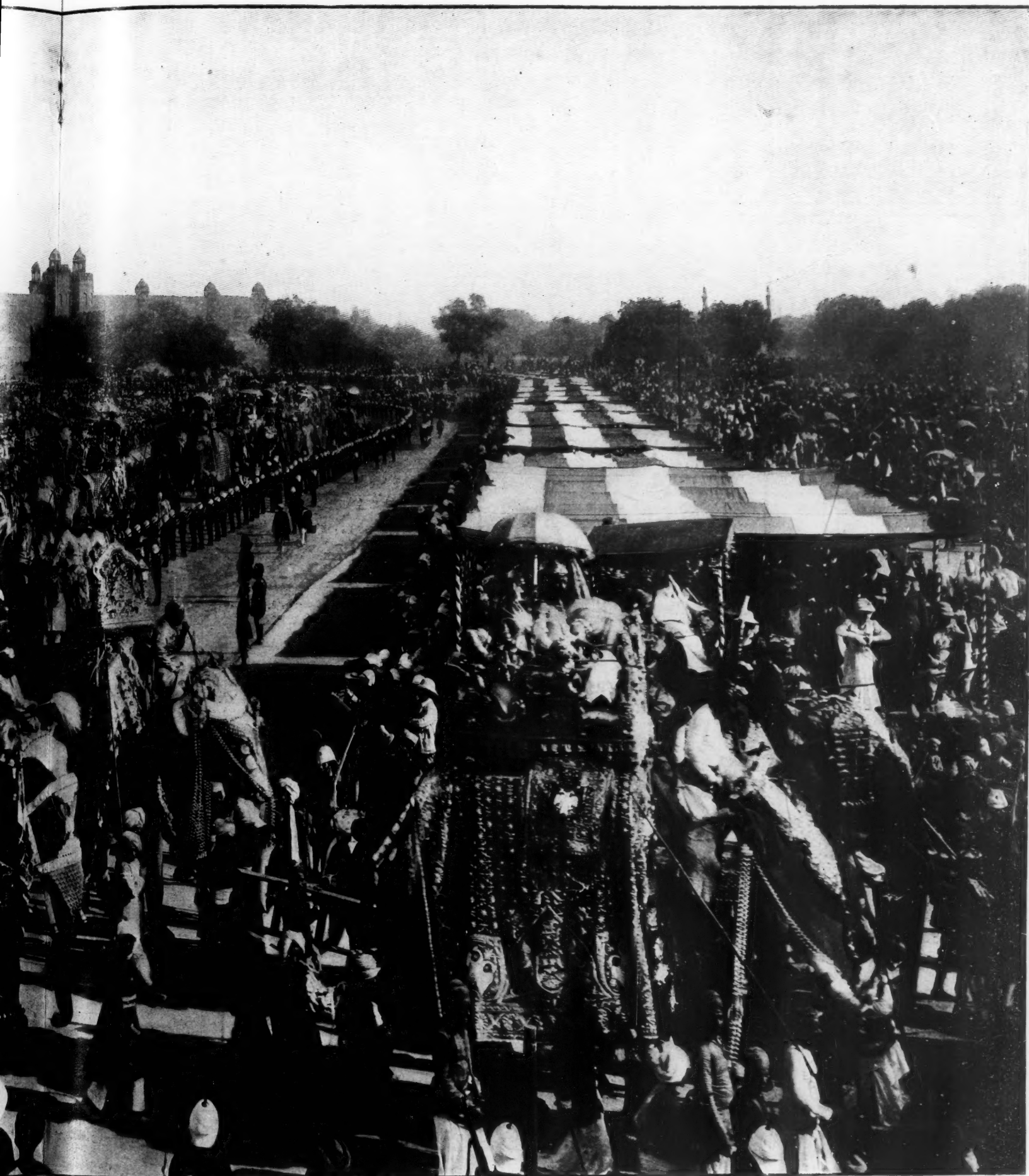
PHOTOGRAPH BY RAJA DEEN DAZAL AND JUNG

## THE CEREMONIAL ENTRY OF THE INDIAN PR

THE NATIVE RULERS OF KING EDWARD'S INDIAN POSSESSIONS—RAJAS, MAHARAJAS, NAWABS, GEIKWARS  
MADE THEIR FORMAL ENTRANCE TO THE CITY MOUNTED ON GORGEOUSLY CAPARISONED ELEPHANTS.

OF ATTENDANTS. THE LARGE BUILDING IN THE BACK





## AN PRINCES INTO THE SACRED CITY OF DELHI

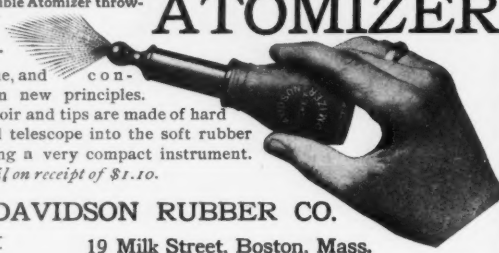
S, GEIKWARS—GATHERED OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF DELHI WITH THEIR RETINUES AND BODYGUARDS, AND ELEPHANTS. THERE WERE OVER TWO HUNDRED OF THE HUGE BEASTS IN THE LINE, AND THOUSANDS IN THE BACKGROUND OF THIS PICTURE IS THE FORT

**Davidson HARD RUBBER POCKET ATOMIZER**

AT LAST—An indestructible Atomizer throwing a powerful spray for Perfume or Medicinal Use.

Very unique, and constructed on new principles. The reservoir and tips are made of hard rubber and telescope into the soft rubber bulb, making a very compact instrument. Sent by mail on receipt of \$1.10.

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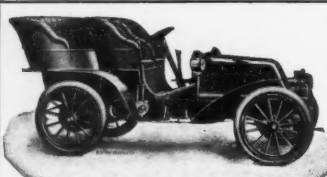
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contempt in which he held the daily companions among whom his mission had thrown him. A spiteful desire to show that contempt sparkled in his eyes as he took his seat at the table, but for a minute or two after he had begun his meal he kept silence.

On a mind such as his, outward things have small effect; otherwise the cheerful homeliness of the room in which he found himself should have soothed him. The lamp, telling of approaching winter, had been lighted. A wood fire crackled pleasantly in the great fireplace and was reflected in rows of pewter plates. All that a philosopher of the true type could have demanded was at his service. But Basterga belonged rather to the fifteenth century, the century of the South, which was expiring, than to the century of the North, which was opening. Splendor rather than comfort, the gorgeousness of Venice, of red-haired dames, stiff clad in Titian satins, of tables gleaming with silk and gold and ruby glass, rather than the plain homeliness which Geneva shared with the Dutch cities, held his mind. To-night in particular his lip curled as he looked round, ill pleased and ill content. To-night in particular he found the place and company well matched!

Gentilis marked the great man's mood, and, cringing, kept his eyes low on his platter. Grio sought refuge in sullen silence. Claude alone, impatient of the constraint which had fallen on the party at the great man's coming, continued to talk in a raised voice. "Good soup to-night, Anne," he said. For some days past he had been using himself to speak to her easily and lightly before the others, as if she were no more to him than to them. "She did not answer—she seldom did. But 'Good?' Basterga cried in his most cutting tone. 'Ay, for schoolboys! And such as have no palate save for pap!'"

Claude minded the thrust little, yet returned it with a boy's impertinence. "We none of us grow thin on it," he said. Basterga's eyes gleamed. "Grease and dish-washings!" he exclaimed. And then, as if he knew where he could most easily wound his antagonist, he turned to the girl. "If Hebe had brought such liquor to Jupiter," he sneered, "do you think he had given her Hercules for a husband, as I shall presently give you Grio? Ha! You flush at the prospect, do you? You color and tremble," he continued mockingly, "as if it were the wedding-day? You'll sleep little to-night, I see, for thinking of your Hercules!" And with grim irony he pointed to his loutish companion, whose gross purple face seemed the coarser for the small peaked beard that, after the fashion of the day, adorned his lower lip. "Hercules, do I call him? Adonis rather!"

"Why not Bacchus?" Claude muttered, his eyes on his plate. In spite of the strongest resolutions, he could not remain silent.

"Bacchus? And why?" he frowned darkly. "He were better bestowed on a tun of wine," the youth retorted, without looking up. "That you might take his place, I suppose?" Basterga retorted swiftly. "What say you, girl? Will you have him?" She did not answer, but he saw that which he had falsely attributed to her before, a blush, was slowly and painfully darkening her cheeks and neck, and he seized her brutally by the chin and forced her to raise her face. "Blushing, I see?" he continued. "Blushing, blushing, eh?"

Claude, his back to the scene, drove his nails into the palms of his hands. He would not turn. He would not, he dared not, see what was passing, or how they were handling her, lest the fury in his breast sweep all away, and he rise up and disobey her! When a movement told him that Basterga had released her—with a last shameful taunt aimed as much at him as at her—he still sat bearing it, curbing, drilling, compelling himself to be silent. Ay, and still to be silent, though the voice that so cruelly wounded her was scarcely mute before it began again.

Still Claude, his face burning, his ears tingling, put force upon himself and sat mute, his eyes on the board. He would not look round, he would not acknowledge what was passing.

He dared not look even at Gentilis, who sat opposite him, and stared in grinning rapture at the girl's confusion, and the rare burning blushes, so long banished from her pale features. For to look at that mean mask of a man was the same thing as to strike! Unfortunately his silence and lack of spirit had one result which he had not foreseen. It encouraged the others to carry their brutality to greater and even greater lengths. Basterga asked her mockingly how long she had loved Claude. They got no answer, and the big man asked his question again, his voice grown menacing, and still she would not answer.

"What?" Basterga cried. "You don't answer me, girl? You withstand me, do you? To heel! To heel! Stand out in front of me,

you jade, and answer me at once! There! Stand there! do you hear?" And with a mocking eye he indicated with his knife the spot that took his fancy.

She hesitated a moment, scarlet passion in her face for a long moment, then she obeyed. She obeyed! At that Claude looked up; he could look up safely now for something, as she obeyed, had bridled his rage and given him control over it. That something was doubt. Why did she comply? Why obey, endure, suffer at this man's hands that which it was a shame a woman should suffer at any man's? What was his hold over her? What was his power? Was it possible that she had done anything to give him power? Was it possible—

"Stand there!" Basterga repeated, licking his lips. He was in a cruel temper; harassed himself, he would make some one suffer. "Remember who you are, wench, and where you are! And answer me! How long have you loved him?"

Her face no longer burned; her blushes had sunk behind the mask of apathy, the pallid mask, hiding terror and the shame of her sex, which her face had worn before, which had become habitual to her. "I have not loved him," she answered in a low voice. "You do not love him?"

"No." She did not look at Claude, but dully, mechanically, she stared straight before her.

Grio laughed boisterously. "A dose for young Hopeful!" he cried. "Ho! Ho! How do you feel now, Master Jackanapes?"

The big man smiled and bowed ironically in Claude's direction. "The gentleman passes beyond the jurisdiction of the court," he said. "She will have none of him, it seems, nor we either! He is dismissed."

Claude, his eyes burning, shrugged his shoulders and did not budge. If they thought to rid themselves of him by this fooling, they would learn their mistake. They wished him to go: the greater reason he should stay! A little thing—the sight of a small brown hand twitching painfully, while her face and all the rest of her was still and impassive, had driven the doubt, had driven all but love and pity and burning indignation, from his breast. All but these, and the memory of her lesson and her will. He had promised, and he must suffer.

Whether Basterga was deceived by his inaction, or of set purpose would try how far they could go with him, the big man turned again to his victim. "With you," my girl," he said, "it is otherwise. The soup was bad and you are mutinous. Two faults that must be paid for. There was something of this, I remember, when Tissot—our good Tissot, who amused us so much—first came. And we tamed you then. You paid forfeit, I think. You kissed Tissot, I think, or Tissot kissed you."

"No, it was I kissed her," Gentilis cried with a smirk. "She chose me."

"Under compulsion," Basterga retorted dryly. "Will you ransom her again?"

"Willingly! But it should be two this time," Gentilis said, grinning. "Being for the second offence, a double—"

"Pain!" quoth Basterga. "Very good. Do you hear, my girl? Go to Gentilis and see you let him kiss you twice! And see we see and hear it. And have a care! Have a care! Or next time your modesty may not escape so easily! To him at once, and—"

"No!" The cry came from Claude. He was on his feet,—his face on fire! "No!" he repeated passionately.

"No?"

"Not while I am here! Not under compulsion," the young man cried. "Shame!" and he turned to the others, generous wrath in his face. "Shame on you to torture a woman so, a woman alone and you three!"

Basterga's face grew dark. "We are three," he muttered, his hand slowly seeking a weapon in the corner behind him. "You speak truth there, we are three. And—"

"You may be twenty, I will not suffer it!" the lad cried. "You may be a hundred—"

Suddenly in the full tide of speech, he stopped. His voice failed on the word, he stammered, his bearing changed. He had met her eyes; he had read in them reproach, warning, rebuke. Too late he had remembered his promise.

The big man leaned forward. "What may we be?" he asked. "You were going, I think, to say we might be—"

But Claude did not answer. He was passing through a moment of misery such as he had never experienced. To give way to them, to lower his flag before them all when he, he had challenged them! To abandon her, to see her—oh, it was more than he could do, more than he could suffer! It was—

"Pray, go on," Basterga sneered, "if you have not said your say."

Oh, bitter! But he remembered how the scalding liquor had fallen on the tender skin. "I have said it," he muttered hoarsely. "I have said it," and by a movement of his hand, pathetic enough had any unmoved bystander seen it, he seemed to withdraw himself and his opposition.

But when, obedient to Basterga's eye, the girl moved to Gentilis' side and bent her cheek—which flamed, not by reason of Gentilis or the coming kisses, but of his presence and his cry for her—he could not bear it. He could not stay and see it, though to go was to abandon her perhaps to worse treatment. He turned with a cry and snatched his cap, tore open the door, and with rage in his heart and their laughter, their mocking, triumphant laughter in his ears, he sprang down the steps.

A coward! That was what he must seem to them. A coward. Into the darkness, into the night, what matter whither, when such fierce anger boiled within him? Such self-contempt? When he knew how he had failed! Ay, failed, failed and played the Tissot! The Tissot and the weaking!

(To be continued)

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# The Climate of the Isthmus

By Frederick Palmer

A SHORT PAPER ON THE HYGIENIC CONDITIONS PREVAILING IN CENTRAL AMERICA, SUPPLEMENTING THE SERIES OF ARTICLES ON "DIGGING THE GREAT ISTHMIAN CANAL"

THE more you see of the Isthmus the more you are in the thrall of the sea-level plan which appeals to the imagination with all the Titanic simplicity of a tunnel through a mountain instead of a winding road up and down its sides. By this tremendous ditch, as opposed to the ingenious complexity of locks, gates and reservoirs, a ship could pass from the six-fathom line in the Atlantic to the six-fathom line in the Pacific in six hours. Equal to the demands of the commerce of all time, it would remain such an everlasting monument to the American nation as the Pyramids are to the Egyptian. A single objection to it is controlling. The *Oregon's* long voyage in the war with Spain brought home to us, with all the force of concrete illustration under the limelight of public gaze, the immediate strategic necessity of the canal as an adjunct to our world policy. We can not wait the twenty years required for the sea-level excavation, when it is possible to split the continent in eight.

Our constructing engineers will have before them a cartograph of the blunders which they are to avoid. From the French they may truly learn how not to do a great work. The foremost obstacle is neither one of engineering skill nor industrial organization, but sickness, which furnished our predecessors with their only shadow of an excuse for failure.

Nothing could be more gratuitously malicious than to slander the Isthmian climate. It is bad enough without that. At home we hear of the yellow fever as always being present in Panama, and of the mysterious Chagres fever which is as sudden with its victim as the assassin's dagger in the night. The truth is that you can get Chagres fever in a mild form in New Jersey and a great many other sections of the United States. It is none other than our old malarial friend, which has here been made terrible and mysterious by giving it the name of the mosquito-ridden stream which we shall make into a lake to carry ships across the Cordilleras. The suddenness and severity of its attack has led to the traveller's tale that one minute you have it and the next you are dead. Escape an attack you can not if you remain long on the Isthmus. I met no one of more than two years' residence who had not had his siege. The danger of it to the resident means much the same as the danger of pneumonia to one who catches a bad cold in the States.

## Health Conditions

The Yellow Jack is of the same well-known brand here as elsewhere, and is always present in greater or lesser degree in Panama. At present the most pleasing sanitary characteristic of this city of thirty or forty thousand souls is its location on an incline which readily carries surface drainage to the sea. Fortunately, it is two miles from the mouth of the canal, and our concern with it will be only that of having a good or a bad neighbor, unless it is included in the territorial strip which we get by lease from the Colombian Government. There is no reason why our workmen or their superiors should live there.

Fortunately, too, Colon, which is on the bank of the canal, is small. It is a pesthole without sewage inclosed by a breakwater. Whatever has been done by filling in and road building, to make a swampy island now connected with the mainland habitable, has been done by the Panama Railroad Company. The railroad is a most prosperous monopoly, whose foremost competitor is the Straits of Magellan. For its right of way it pays the Colombian Government \$250,000 a year. It owns Colon and draws rent from the houses. But the Colombians rule Colon, and their attitude toward it is nothing if not careless. Half-breed, quarter-breed and full-blooded Colombians, West Indian negroes and Chinese live over cesspools emptying into ponds of green scum. The only Board of Health are the buzzards who sit in the coconut trees greedily blinking their ever-watchful eyes. From this it is a quick transformation to the beach facing the surf and the trade winds, where the married men among the railroad employes have their wide-verandaed cottages and the single men their barracks. There you appreciate at once what the whole of Colon might be like for the expense of filling in the island to a sewage level with spoil from the excavations in the Cordilleras. Neither the pleasant reading-room, good baths, pleasant companionship and the cleanly company hospital, built on piles over the water, can belie the fact that sanitary precautions on this narrow strip, except when the "northerners" blow, manifest the weakness of holding up a fan to stop Mauser bullets. At other times there is the consciousness, that although you sit on the porch of a tidy bungalow, the mosquito that lances you probably had his proboscis in the green scum only half an hour before. The absence of another pest, however, is a heaven-given delight. There are practically no flies to trail germs from their last station of passage across your butter plate.

Given the same conditions that prevail in Colon in any town at home in summer, and there would be inevitably an epidemic of typhoid fever. Considering the vista from their backyards, the most striking thing about Colon is the good health of the American residents. The number of graves in Monkey Hill Cemetery whither the railroad men have followed the corpses of their friends, permit the thought of the Isthmus as a health resort. The employes get relatively from 50 to 100 per cent more pay than in the States. They are allowed a vacation of two months each year at home, where the crisp air destroys

their lassitude and gives them raging appetites for beefsteak and pie, with no employment except to rest. Such treatment by their employer is the result of experience in Isthmian economy and not of philanthropic leanings. Their calendar is the number of months and days, and, yes, hours, they have to serve before their next holiday.

## Temperature and Illness

The changes in the personnel are frequent. A few men have been a long time in the service. Some say it is better to sweat in Colon than shiver in New York. Once he passes the meridian, where the cold of the North affrights him, the tropics have a man for good and all. But some never reach the meridian. They tell the story of a fellow who went into the head office one morning and asked for work as a telegrapher. They tried him, found him all right and took him on. On the second day he reappeared in the head office: "Just cross me off your list," he said; "I know just what I want: I'm going to cool off by earning my passage as a stoker to God's Country." If he had had to remain a month he might still be on the pay-roll. It is the first week that boils you on a spit. Afterward seventy-five degrees seems cool. The one indispensable man of Colon has not been home for three years. No more has his wife, one of the half-dozen American women who make up the merry and hospitable society of Colon. Dr. Randall has spent most of his professional life in tropical countries. He knows how it feels to have the Yellow Jack himself. A case of the Chagres means no more to this expert in tropical ailments than a case of the grip to his fellow practitioner in the States. As there is no one to take his place at the head of the human repair shop in Colon, he sticks to his post and takes his holiday on his veranda.

With Colon sanitized it will be a fairly healthy place. But quiet and careful existence in the shade, with all the luxuries that ships can bring from New York, is quite another matter from strenuous effort in the open. For any one who lives as the average man does at home, the Isthmus will be unhealthy under any conditions. The career of the American who works hard all day and sits up to the small hours of the morning, night after night, trying to draw four of a kind, is bound to end at Monkey Hill. The quick lunch and rush back to office habit is as out of place on the Isthmus as gauze underwear in Greenland in midwinter. The common error is to give up all the precautions one naturally takes at home, and take none in their place to meet the demands of a different climate. It is better to go with wet feet on a cold day in New York than in Colon in the rainy season with the thermometer at 80°. It is as unwise to dine at Panama in the evening breeze in an undershirt drenched with perspiration as it is to take your dinner sitting in a snowbank in Dakota. Your old Colon resident is as fearful of a draught on the back of his neck as a New England invalid on a day car in winter. And the opinion of the fellows who have lived on the Isthmus for ten, fifteen and twenty years is decidedly worth having.

For medical reasons, if for no other, it is indispensable that our sovereignty over the canal route should be absolute. There can be no mixture of authority, as now exists in Colon. The Colombian's ways are not our ways. We certainly have need for no more land than is necessary for the proper management and policing of the canal. If we do not want to interfere with their manner of living, no more do we want them to interfere with ours.

## The Negro Laborer

Your West Indian has the possibilities of being quite as sulky as he is ordinarily good-natured. Throw him into a panic and he falls back on his rights as a British "object" (as he calls himself) and thence to the nearest British Consul. He realizes his importance, and the strenuous life is only a means to an end with him. If the French did not put him under the sanitary regulations, they should. Monsieur the *chef de section*, occasionally strolling out from his bungalow, was the easiest of taskmasters, who incidentally took a commission for himself when he could. The waste of labor was one of the features of French extravagance. Between the *chef de section* and the section "boss" who overlooks the sons of Rome at home there is a yawning chasm. There is also between the two types of laborers and the climate. "There ain't no use wearing yourself out a-using hard words," says the West Indian negro, in his English accent. "I can't work no harder in this climate and I'm not going to." There is no going back of his ultimatum. A little holiday between the spadefuls of earth he throws into the spoil car is his perquisite. The Northerner, who has had experience with our Southern darky, must expect to find here a black brother much less energetic. To get the most possible out of him in a given time is as much a matter of art as of bluster. Doubtless the man from the Southern States, who has the quality of patience wherever a black face is concerned, would make a more successful taskmaster than the man from the North. If the Walker Commission have made any error in their estimates, a layman would say that it was in underestimating the cost of labor. Northern figures as a basis will not do at all. Four black men will do scarcely as much as one Italian, while each receives half or more than half as much pay.



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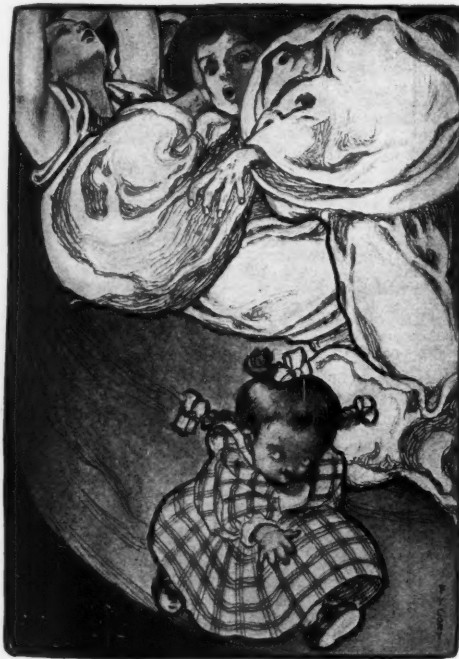
### Their Best Stories

So Egerton Castle—with his wife and collaborator, Agnes Castle—is a thorough-going romanticist. Complicated intrigue, extraordinary adventure, witty conversation, strong emotions—these, which are not the ingredients of everyday life, are worked out to the full in the writings of the aforesaid pair of co-authors. "The Pride of Jennico" and "The Bath Comedy" are their most-read novels, and both of these highly romantic tales have been put into dramatic form. "The Light of Scarthey" and "Young April" are undramatized works of fiction, into which department also fall "Marshfield the Observer" and the "House of Romance." "The Secret Orchard," first appearing as a novel, was subsequently made into a play for Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, while "Saviolo" and "Desperate Remedies" were original dramas composed for Irving and Mansfield. Mr. Castle also made a translation—versatile man that he is—of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Prince Otto" into the French language. His earliest books were "Consequences" and "La Bella and Others."

We have purposely omitted the mention, from the preceding list, of "Schools and Masters of Fence." The title of that volume, a standard work on the subject with which it deals, suggests something separate from Egerton Castle's books. And yet it is a thing that can not be divorced from them. It is romance again. Not, this time, the romance in his literary output, but the romance in his life. Without a youthful career and influences out of the ordinary, he might, upon maturity, have been less able to write of the extraordinary.

Mr. Castle had no commonplace progenitor. He says of his sire: "He was a man of wide philosophical and

artistic taste, a Wilhelm Meister in temperament. In his youth he was the friend of such people as Donizetti, Liszt, Verdi, and Rossini; as Musset, George Sand, Murger, and Sandeau, and the ever superb Alexandre Dumas; as Robert Browning, Laurence Oliphant, Bizet,



### The Wind Women : By E. O. Clark

THE Wind Women live in the Castles in the Air,  
The Wind Women sweep up the world with their hair;  
When you hear them sob and sigh  
In their Palace in the Sky,  
Oh then is the moment to beware.

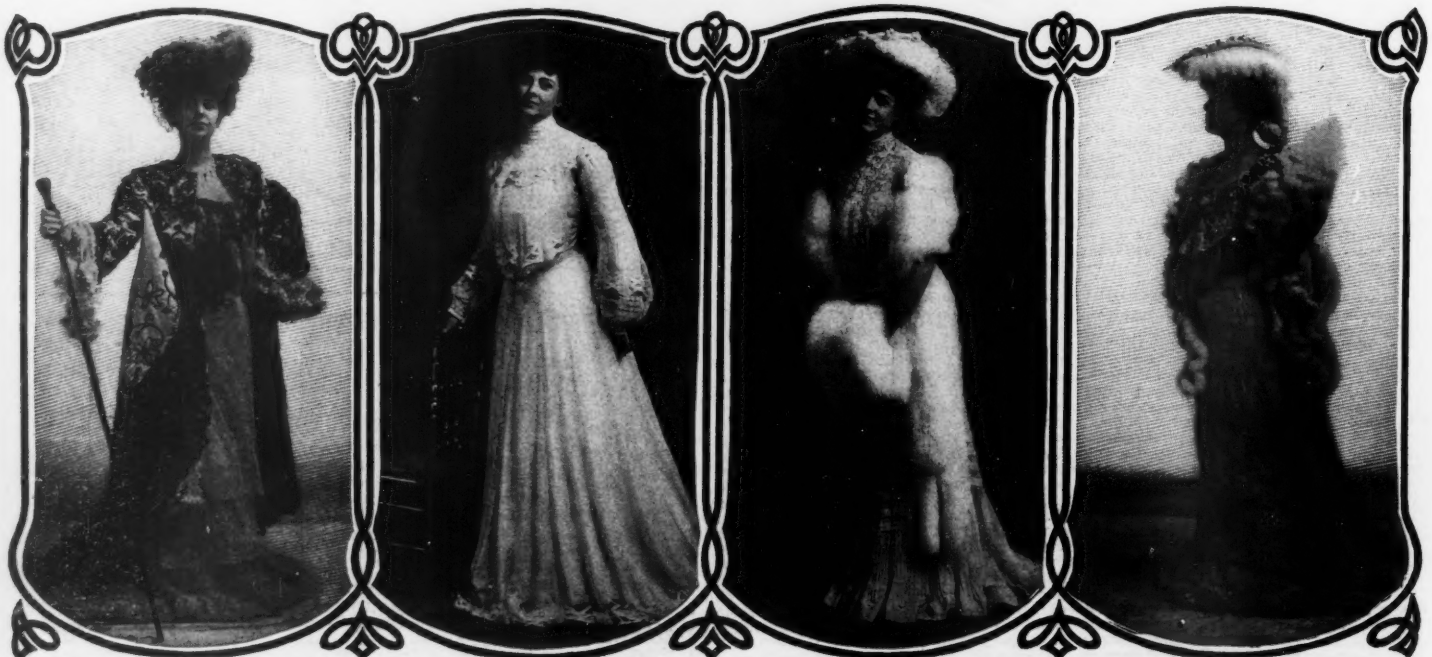
The Wind Women float above the housetops in the night,  
The Wind Women twist up the sails with delight;  
When you hear them mock and moan  
In that solemn undertone,  
Little girls should rush and hide from sight.

Gounod. The atmosphere of his house was essentially musical and literary. He loved the easier existence of a Vienna, a Milan, or a Paris, and thus spent the best part of his life away from England." And thus, too, did the boy come to hear "endless admirable stories" of the famous men his father had known, and of their works. Thus, also, was it that he was brought up in the quickening surroundings of the French capital. He lived almost within sight of the mighty, the glorious Arc de Triomphe; in half an hour he might stand before the Venus of Milo or the Joconda; a little longer, and he could survey the whole city from the tower whence Quasimodo the bellringer hurled the nefarious priest; a little longer still, and the terraces of Versailles could be reached, with their memories of powder and patches, gilt brocades and gallant blades, ravishments of Ninon de l'Enclos and the Marquise de Maintenon, repartee of La Rochefoucauld and Voltaire. In holiday time there were walking expeditions among the castled tracts of old Touraine, or along Mediterranean shores, or through the ancient forests of Thuringia. Gymnastics, riding, swimming, fencing, all formed a part of young Castle's education.

### A Versatile Genius

At sixteen he moved to Glasgow, where, at the university, he plunged into the mysteries of chemic lore. Later, the young man went south, and at Cambridge delved into philosophy—but soon resumed crucible and phial. Suddenly he must be a soldier! So into the army he went, and—since the prospects of fighting became nil, while those of a dreary garrison on the Gold Coast loomed up ominous—almost as quickly out of it. Next came a desire to wear the learned wig and gown, but after a brief pursuit of the preliminaries to entering the legal profession, it was abandoned in favor of the Herald's College. But even Mr. Castle's "general taste for things of old savor," as himself says, did not long confine his imaginative spirit to genealogy and blazonry. Journalism put out its hand after him—and held him tight. And then he married a charming wife and capable collaborator, Miss Agnes Sweetman, in whom he rejoiced at having found "an intellectual partner with every taste, artistic and literary, attuned to mine," one who could have achieved a name in the world of letters had she elected to work alone.

The keynote of Egerton Castle's life has evidently not been dull commonplace, just as his writings are far from that in their style or their matter. But there is a little more of the unusual to be recorded. Among his early predilections were included submarine engineering, old taverns and decayed mansions of London and Bath, and the art of fencing with every conceivable weapon that man ever cut, stabbed, thrust, hacked, slashed, or parried with, from the slim stiletto to the two-handed battle-sword of the Middle Ages. In this art Mr. Castle became an expert *nec plus ultra*; he has often exhibited it in public. But whether wielding a sword in the arena, or putting his pen to paper in the seclusion of his study, he has ever and always, in head and in heart, been a true child of romance.



Opera coat from Redfern composed of white gros-grain silk embroidered heavily in a conventional pattern. The collar has both embroidery and applied lace, and the same lace starting at three-quarter length sweeps down into the train.

Exquisite morning gown of the new voile chiffon in cream white. The lacings around corsage, belt and bottom of skirt are of white satin ribbon. The yoke and undersleeves are of sheer white handkerchief muslin in hemstitched squares.

Afternoon gown, suitable also for informal dinners. It is of white crepe de Chine, with yoke and blouse of Irish lace, a panel of which divides the skirt to the accordion plaited ruffle. Boas of white fox. Hat of lace with white velvet.

Dinner gown of cream Chantilly lace with corsage and bodice marked by pendants of green and lemon-colored velvet. The boa is of plaited chiffon bordered with swansdown. A white lace hat with a long white plume is appropriate.

### The Newest Spring Models for Afternoon and Evening Gowns



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## FED THE DOCTOR

### How He Made Use of Food

Sometimes it is the doctor himself who finds it wise to quit the medicines and cure himself by food.

"In looking around for a concentrated palatable prepared food I got hold of Grape-Nuts and immediately began using it four times a day, exclusively for breakfast with milk; for luncheon and dinner as dessert, and a cup on retiring," says a physician of Mt. Zion, Ill.

"I had had nervous dyspepsia for over a year. My normal weight is 140 pounds but I had been steadily losing flesh until a month ago I only weighed 122 pounds. I concluded it was time to throw 'physic to the dogs' in my case. Twenty-four hours after starting the Grape-Nuts regime the fullness and distress after eating had ceased. The heartburn, water-brash, palpitation of the heart and other symptoms that had reminded me for over a year that I had a stomach, soon disappeared and I can now eat a square meal and feel good afterwards.

"I weighed yesterday and was surprised to find that I had gained 18 pounds in a month, and the end is not yet.

"The nervous symptoms have entirely disappeared and I am stronger than I have been for two years. I thank you for placing Grape-Nuts at the disposal of those suffering with nervous dyspepsia." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

## Our Bad Postal Service

THE POSTAL SERVICE of the American metropolis is in many respects inferior to that of capitals of the effete Old World, from which the New so frequently boasts that it has nothing to learn. Deliveries in London begin rather earlier and end about three hours later than they do in New York. And, in spite of the slowness of Europe and the "hustling" of America that we hear so much about, the deliveries are effected in shorter time in London than in New York. If the English system prevailed here, a letter addressed to Mount Vernon, posted in Park Row at six in the evening, would be delivered at the house of the addressee by about half-past nine the same evening. On the other hand, post a letter in Fourteenth Street (New York) at noon, destined for Brooklyn, and you are not at all sure whether your missive will reach its journey's end that day. Possibly it may not be received until the next morning. In Berlin they have a method of "special deliveries" which eclipses ours. It is called the "Rohrpost," that is to say tubular post. The letter is dropped into a slot, and is by pneumatic pressure shot straightaway to the nearest post-office. Thence it is again forwarded with scarce a moment's delay. Unless a letter be addressed to an outlying part of the town, this procedure ensures its carriage from start to finish in one hour. Berlin has a population of two million. As for New York, instances could be mentioned in which "special delivery" stamps have retarded instead of accelerating the process of delivery.

In Milan, Italy, a country generally considered far behind our own in modern progress, and in fact hopelessly decayed, certain of the electrical street cars are equipped with letter-boxes, the contents of which are taken off when the car stops at post-office or railway station, as the case may be. And in Milan, by the way, these same cars are upholstered with thick velvet cushions, and the signals for stopping and moving on are given with electrical bells. Besides which, the fare is two cents and the conductor polite. Rural deliveries, much talked of in the United States but only recently begun, have been in vogue all over Europe for a generation at least. Even in remote Alpine districts cottagers have since then had their letters brought to them by sturdy pedestrian mail carriers used to covering twenty miles a day and more. But then, some of the high-roads in those benighted countries are as smooth as our bicycle paths.

## The "Looker"

THE COAL FAMINE has given a new importance to one of those queer callings that are developed by the strenuous life of a great city, and the "looker," as he is called by the real estate men who employ him, is busier than ever. Within the past few years, "looking" at disabled furnaces, faulty plumbing and broken window shutters, in the interest of the real estate owner, has risen from the status of a mere casual trick to its present rank as an expert profession. Moreover, the professional "looker" has become a positive necessity in the business of renting houses and apartments, and a factor of the highest importance in the useful art of quieting complaining tenants and staving off necessary repairs. The "looker's" chief stock-in-trade is a wise and earnest cast of countenance and two or three suits of working clothes. His business is to visit the premises of complaining tenants and postpone all actual repairs as long as possible.

"I'll send a man to look at that bath-tub the first of the week," says the agent when complaint is made, and adds, as the visitor is departing, "We're awful busy now all over the city, so don't be worried if he doesn't get around to you before Thursday or Friday or maybe Saturday."

The tenant goes away believing that something is going to be done for him, but not until he has called twice and written three letters—the last one containing a threat to withhold the rent—does the "looker" make his appearance. He comes disguised as a plumber and carrying a kit of tools and a small portable furnace. His coming brings joy into the household of the leaking bath-tub and the belief that he is about to do something instantly takes possession of the whole family. He takes a long look at the offending tub, turns the water on and off, says that he can not smell any sewer gas and hints plainly at cabbage soup. Then he shakes his head despondently and says that if they had only told the agent what the real trouble was he would have brought his other tools.

He goes away promising to call again as soon as he can have a peculiar kind of pipe made, and, half an hour later, is engaged in looking at a cantankerous furnace on the next block, this time disguised with a dab of soot on his face as an employé of the stove factory. He inspects the furnace with the same gravity that he shows when looking at broken glass, smoky chimneys or leaky roofs, asks many wise questions and goes away despondently, promising to attend to it directly. He knows the technical terms of fourteen different trades and can not handle a tool of any one of them. All he can do is to impress people with the idea that something is going to be done for them, and in doing this successfully he saves a large amount of money each year for his employer.

When coal was twenty dollars a ton, he saved money for his employers by his skill in putting furnaces, steam and hot-water contrivances—everything, in fact, that consumed coal—hopelessly out of commission by simply looking at them as if they needed attention.



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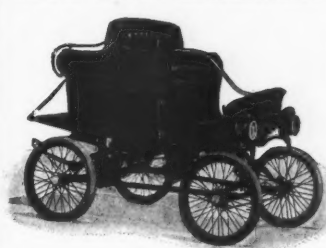
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NOTE—Miss Cocroft is President of the Physical Culture Extension Work in America. She needs no further introduction to the public.

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"He took the tigress by the ear an' led her into the cage"

## True Tales of the Sawdust Ring

By Charles H. Day, "The Old Circus Man"

Illustrated by B. Cory Kilvert

### I.—THE TIGER KEEPER'S STRIKE

THE animal keepers and several of the workingmen from other departments of the winter quarters of the circus and menagerie were gathered about the big hot stove in the zoological section. All had partaken of a hearty dinner, and were now indulging in the blissful pleasure of disobedience. That is to say, they, to an individual, were pulling at fuming pipes in defiance of an imposing placard, "Smoking Strictly Forbidden." This frequently happened during the absence of the proprietor—generally known as the "Main Guy," and the superintendent, entitled "His Knibs." It changed to be Saturday, and "the man with the envelopes" would be making his circuit about five o'clock in the afternoon. And that fact being uppermost in the minds of a person called Windy (on account of his talkativeness), he began, between puffs and pulls:

"I tell you fellers it's a pretty good thing when a chap is workin' for a guy that settles every week. Sometimes I hear some of you chinnin' against the big shows and sayin' that Barnum, Forepaugh, Bailey, Sells an' all the up-in-the-worlders are a lot of monopolists. I reckon they did run a lot of just alive concerns off the road. Well, that was a small loss. The big guns do business accordin' to a system, an' they're jess as good as a railroad or bank for settlin'. Why, look at it! I've put in a hull winter with a measly trick an' a small-potato manager, with just enough money doled out to me to pay fer shaves an' washin'. There was Bryant—he was that kind. Not because he didn't have the dough, but jess because he was drawin' interest on his deposits. I never seen his equal fer a person who hated to part with money. An' it ain't no lie that when he did give up he almost lost his breath. One spring when I was goin' on the road an' needed some decent togs, I called on him for the necessary and blamed if he didn't well-nigh faint, an' he might have dropped dead on the spot if I hadn't weakened and said:

"Never mind, Mister Bryant, I guess I can get along until you get on the road."

"Bryant agreed with me on that point, and that was the way I kept his obituary out of the paper. Oh! all the boys thought a good deal of Bryant! One time Tip, the elephant, belted him an' broke his arm, an' it was universally agreed that it was a dreadful pity that it hadn't bin his neck. The press agent held the main guy in high estimation, an' he put it in just this way after the accident: 'If Tip had improved his opportunity, an' undertaken would have been benefited.' But it didn't turn out that way. What would a circus-man's funeral be without a brass band? Cymbals, the leader, lived in the town, an' he said that he'd be willin' to furnish the music free if Bryant'd only croak. Tell you, culls, it would take more than one elephant to lay out that feller. His whole body was as tough as his heart. The older Bryant grew the worse an' meaner he got, an' about the only way to get anythin' out of him winter nor summer was to sue him, git your blunder, an' quit, an' quitten is expensive if you're a thousand miles from home. Well—I guess!"

Windy refilled his pipe and resumed:

"Bryant got his goose cooked one season, all through Tiger Tim. When the show went on the road the guv'nor was 'way behind the lighthouse in payin' the people who'd wintered with him, and as the weather was pesky bad an' business off, the lot of us were kep' down to—we called it 'shaves an' shirts.' Even when favorable weather an' better biz came, the main guy said nothin' 'bout walkin' up to the red wagon, an' the men took to growin' beards an' looked like a gang of tramps in a police court a Monday mornin'. This Tiger Tim he was a smart sort of a chap, an' the manager was owin' him quite a bundle, an' he had about as good a snap as any one around the show. It was a snap. But it was one of the kind that no one else wanted. Tim rode in the parade in a den with the

largest an' worst pair o' tigers you ever seen or heard of. Big? The tiger was as heavy an' tall as a good-sized horse, an' as for the tigress, I never seen a male fore or sence of her dyemensions. Fierce? Killed three or four keepers! Any other manager than him wouldn't have risked a man's life in the den. Well—one day Tiger Tim invited the guv'nor to plunk down, but he staved off the invitation with one of his ushal dodgins of a dun. Tim didn't growl or talk back. He jess walked straight to the menagerie top an' let both the tigers loose, an' then walked across the road an' settled hisself down to have a smoke a-settin' on top of a fence. By ginger! you'd just oughter seen all the rest o' the animal keepers skip out! An' to tell the truth, the boss animal man led the precession, an' the guv'nor, he was a good second, you bet. When the manager an' the boss animal man halted the main guy an' tried to induce some one to go back an' put the tigers in the cage, every one of us was laughin' an' recommendin' nothin' more easy than puttin' salt on the beasts' tails. All the while Tiger Tim was a-smokin' on top o' the fence as cool as if he was drinkin' red lemonade an' settin' on a cake of ice. The tigers were worth a pot of money, the most val'ablest in the country, an' then again how was a evenin' performance to be given with two sanguineous tigers loose in the tent? The manager thought of that, an' he thought of an escape from the tent, an' the worst what could be imagined. Just think of that tiger and tigress a-tearin' up the main street of that town! Bryant had to muster up a good deal o' nerve to go back to where Tim was. But the tiger keeper didn't meet him even halfway, if he did signal and sign. When the manager got within hailin' distance, he called out: "Hello, Tim! Put the tigers back in the cage, an' you can draw a month's wages!"



The Main Guy

"All or nothin!" yelled back Tim, sassy an' sure.

"Bryant had to come to terms, an' Tim wouldn't move a step until the manager perduced in full, accordin' to the tiger keeper, his memorandum. The main guy halted at payment in advance. But it wasn't no use. After Tim got his ready money, he went over to the menagerie top, an' first off he took the tigress by the ear an' led her into the cage, an' the tiger he followed without a word or a sneeze. When Bryant was dead sure that the man-eaters were caged, he comes into the menagerie top, an' says he, kinder patterinisn' like:

"Tim, you'll get your money every week after this."

"Tim glared worse'n one of his tigers, an' turned an' said:

"The tigers are in, Mr. Bryant, but if you don't settle with all the boys upderdate, right now, I'll turn 'em loose again."

"The main guy 'most wilted at that, but he caved an' went out an' told the treasurer to square up with the boys in full. I tell you it made Bryant wince, but there was no help for it. At the end of the next week the manager didn't say nothin' 'bout settlin', but Tiger Tim he did. It happened that Bryant was in the ticket wagon when Timothy calls an' inquires:

"Shall I let the tigers out, Mr. Bryant?"

"The main guy didn't answer, but he poked out the cash, which Tim collared, a-remarkin': 'I'll send all the boys up.' An' he did. There was nothin' for the main guy to do but plunk down the samolians. But he didn't do it with no good grace neither. It all happened jess the way as I've been relat'in'. Bryant he reformed of his methods of doin' business, an' took to payin' salls weekly all on account of Tiger Tim, who never failed to threaten to let the tigers loose on pay day. I'm seposin' that if the truth was known Bryant uster pray that the tigers'd make mince meat of Tim. But I don't b'lieve his supplications got any nearer heaven than the top of the centre poles."

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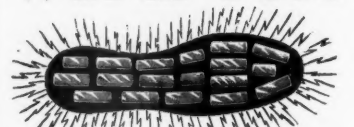
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## The Art of Stage-Dressing

By Elsie de Wolfe

STAGE-DRESSING has become of late years an extremely important factor in the production of plays. With the revelation that a decade has wrought in the ways and means of staging a performance, costume has followed the sequence of other improvements and the trend has been legitimately progressive toward its present near approach to perfection.

Time was when prior to dress rehearsal none of the women in the cast was aware what the others in the play intended wearing. It was even considered a breach of professional etiquette to ask questions appertaining to the make-up of one's associate players. Consequently, opening nights witnessed harrowing combinations of color or equally bad effects in monochrome. The leading woman wearing the grass-green silk of the "forties" was confronted, to her surprise and disgust, by the ingenue in a frock of the same hue, while the heart of the soubrette beat faster when the curtain rung up on the first performance in great fear of possible conflicting hues that lay in probable waiting for her maroon velvet and perchance would necessitate her discarding it.

Up to within a few years it was not an uncommon duty for the stage director to order the immediate abandonment by an actress of her blue evening gown for a pink one because "there are two other blue gowns on in that scene." Unpleasantness of that sort is avoided now, for the director who stages a production knows every color that will be worn and in most instances actresses are instructed as to the hue which will be in harmony.

Gowns make atmosphere for a play. A single ill-fitting frock may readily spoil a scene or kill the most effective speech. Badly contrasted colors may destroy a fine climax and it is because modern managers

appreciate the psychological relationship in a harmony of color and sound that we have such beautifully produced plays to-day. Most of the musical productions at present made with so lavish a disregard of expense are a delight to the eye, because of the exquisite color adjustment and combination employed in their costumes and "sets." The careful producer does not forget to arrange a background that shall effectively bass-relief his picture.

The plays in which modern frocks are worn afford a strong sub-current of interest in that they make a serial fashion story whose colored plates afford instruction as well as amusement and pleasure to women theatre patrons. Women who go to see a performance with the desire to absorb art will appreciate it not a whit less if it be properly clothed. This statement may stand in refutation of the fast-expiring fallacy that a play most suffers in interpretation if elaborately staged. On the other hand, of course, it is needless to affirm that overdressed plays are as vulgar as overdressed persons.

After all, it is the "nice values" which culminate in artistic result. Aristotle's idea of the "exact mean" may be applied advantageously to more modern things than his own philosophy. Many managers are employing "buyers" who visit Europe in order to purchase gowns for modern plays. The most famous of our domestic modistes attend "drawing-room" plays with the frank intention of gathering ideas from the smart display of frocks, many of which are exclusive original models.

This justifiable "plagiarism" is rendered simpler because the "stage dress," so called, is no longer the extreme and exaggerated costume of the past. It is modelled after one's own wardrobe as closely as allowances for distance and for "night light" will admit.



### The Fortune Teller : By Frank L. Stanton

You gwine ter live in a mansion high,  
En dey'll see yo' carriage dashin' by.  
En you'll have mo' gold  
Dan yo' arms kin hol'.  
En you won't fergit me—bless yo' soul!

### The Journalist of Fiction

By James L. Ford, Author of "The Literary Shop," Etc.

"THE journalist as a character in fiction" is a question that has been much discussed in literary periodicals, debating societies and other forums, and it is generally admitted that very little success has attended the innumerable efforts made in recent years to make the newspaper man an interesting figure in the pages of a story book.

And yet two of the truest characters that ever sprang from the brain of the greatest of English novelists were Warrington and Pendennis. Two journalists who deserve to rank among the immortals of English fiction, because they were taken direct from the real life of Fleet Street and presented in their own colors, precisely as they were and not as the author thought that a vulgar public would like to imagine they were. And not until the American novelist realizes the folly of trying to idealize his Park Row hero will American fiction be enriched by a modern Warrington or Pendennis.

At present the difference between the real New York newspaper man and the marvelous creature whose exploits cover so many pages of latter-day fiction, is striking enough to be funny. The journalist of fiction is always represented as a man who is constantly travelling from one remote corner of the earth to another, riding in special trains, bribing the private secretaries of statesmen, giving advice to kings and running up large expense bills through his luxurious methods of travel. In nine cases out of ten, he becomes a war correspondent before the end of the story, but he is always represented as a person of immense importance who arrives at the critical moment and does something that decides the fate of a nation. Of course, he is a welcome visitor in the houses of the rich and the

great, and in many instances a dominant figure at dinner parties of the fashionably intellectual.

The result of this exploiting of war correspondents and special writers has been to fill the minds of imaginative schoolboys and college students with absurd dreams of a brilliant journalistic future, and it is largely because of these vain imaginings that the number of embryo war correspondents and confidential advisers to royalty that is graduated every year from our colleges is even greater than that of the young men who have decided to become dramatic critics.

Now as the hero of a novel, the journalist labors under a distinct disadvantage as compared with almost any man who takes an active part in the work of the world, as his duty is not so much to do things himself, as to record the deeds of others. When we have shown him as brave and skilful in getting news ahead of his contemporaries or making such a journey as Archibald Forbes made when he carried the tidings of the killing of the French Prince Imperial, we have almost exhausted his dramatic possibilities as a man of action. As a character sketch, however, he can be made just as interesting as a doctor or a lawyer by the writer who knows enough not to exceed the bounds of probability, and will take the trouble to study the journalist as he is in real life, and learn for himself that there is a vast difference between what he really is and what the boarding-school graduates and elevator boys believe him to be. He will discover, moreover, that his standing in the world of society, commerce or politics is, in a way, a false one. That he is treated with a great deal of deference, invited to a great many public functions and occasionally to

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# Valuable Advice

From a Noted and Successful Man—  
Mr. Andrew Carnegie



GATHERING RUBBER

"If you were a young man, and had your start to make in the world, would you take up the manufacture of steel?" was asked of Andrew Carnegie by a gentleman who met him on the train to New York after his last visit to Pittsburgh.

The philanthropist hesitated a moment then shook his head. "No," he said, "the best opening for a young man to day is in rubber. Rubber will, in a few years, make a greater fortune under present conditions than steel, or, in fact, any other branch of manufacture. The great value and manifold uses of rubber are just beginning to be properly appreciated, and the profits in its production are greater than almost anything about which I am informed."

Mr. Carnegie then launched forth in a long discussion on the growth of the rubber tree, the best product, and the hundreds of uses to which it had been put, and even suggested a number of improvements that showed deep study of the subject.

"Watch the men engaged in the manufacture of rubber," he concluded, "and as the years go by you will see them amassing splendid fortunes. The opportunities for young men are as great to day as ever in the history of the world, and I firmly believe that rubber furnishes the greatest."

—The Pittsburgh (Pa.) Gazette, July 17th, 1902.

The above is the advice of a successful, practical, hard-headed business man, who, from a most humble beginning, by his own indomitable will, foresight and shrewdness, amassed millions. His advice then is worthy of most thoughtful consideration. All are not born to lead, yet all can heed, and act upon, the advice of those who have demonstrated their ability to achieve results.

As Pope aptly said:  
"Tis with our judgments like our watches—  
None run just alike, yet each believes his own."  
Yet in forming our conclusions on important matters, we should endeavor to gain all the information obtainable upon the subject under consideration.

It is as true in finance as it is in philosophy, or in any subject of mortal thought, that the general tendency of weak human nature is to believe what one wants to believe, rather than that which is so. Few people are so constituted, as to be able to look facts, and facts alone in the face, and form conclusion uncolored by native optimism or pessimism. It is also true that few people, as a rule, take pains in their investigation of financial matters, or go cautiously from general belief to a specific, logical position. And yet, there is nothing so absolutely essential as accurate and balanced thinking in matters of finance.

No branch of industry in which man engages promises a return of such handsome profits as that of the gathering of rubber. The wonderful stimulus which the success of electricity, the arts and manufactures generally, has given to the rubber industry, has induced thousands of people to invest millions of dollars in experimental rubber culture, in the hope that by fortuitous circumstance the right gender and genus might be stumbled upon, and thus build fortunes for those so lucky as to succeed. As yet, however these experiments have not been proved up, as it takes 12 years or more for a rubber tree to give milk in commercial quantities.

The great home, and birthplace, so to speak, of the rubber tree is in the Amazonas Belt, lying along the equator in Venezuela and Brazil, and for 75 years the Amazon Valley has given to the world the richest and the highest-priced rubber in the market, known as Para, on account of its shipments being made from the port of Para, on the Amazon, 80 miles from the mouth.

The gathering has been done by natives, who naturally worked as close to the rivers, the natural avenues of transportation, as possible, in order to lessen the labor of carrying to market, consequently the more accessible forests have been worked out by the Indians, in their greed and laziness combined.

The very heart of the rubber zone is located on the Rio Casiquire, in Venezuela, a peculiar stream which connects the Rio Orinoco and the Rio Negro. This stream is 175 miles in length, runs through the most wonderfully fertile country in the world, the native home of the "hevea Brasiliensis"—or Para rubber-producing tree.

Dr. Lucien Morisse, sent by the Minister of Public Instruction of France, to examine the rubber forests of Venezuela, has recently finished his labors. His report printed in "Des Archives des Missions"—"Le Caoutchouc du Haut Orénoque," says in part:

"The forest of rubber, therefore, is limited to the immense valleys of the Orinoco and the Casiquire, where it is extremely abundant, and where it reaches the Brazilian frontier. The Hevea are distributed in the forests at variable distances, on the Casiquire and its affluents on the right, the Pacimone and the Sappa they are so abundant that they almost touch each other.

"Let us transport ourselves to the middle of the Casiquire. I will speak of what I did

myself, working 8 hours per day, as the ordinary European would work. In 8 hours I tapped 912 trees in the day, and taking into account the loss and waste I coagulated on a minimum, the enormous amount of 176 pounds of milk in a day, making only one small tap to each tree, and taking therefrom but 2 1/2 to 3 ounces only, from a tap. These trees will yield on an average of 5 pounds of rubber to a tree per season, whereas, on the Orinoco, one small tap will give 1 to 1 1/2 ounces to a tree. It seems to follow, therefore, that the proportion of richness of milk in trees follows, more or less, the proportion of richness of the forest of trees. Leaving aside the Sernamby (low grade of rubber), and working only 8 hours per day, I have made on an average of 110 pounds of pure Para, fine and dry, this rubber is worth to-day 88 cents per pound.

"These figures may seem exaggerated and I would not dare to give them here if I had not proven them carefully from my own work."

The greatest publicity is now being given to the Para Rubber Plantation Co., an United States corporation, having a capital of \$5,000,000, divided into 500,000 shares of common stock—no preferred stock or bonds—at a par value of \$10.00 per share. The originators of the enterprise are men of world-wide reputation as conservative money makers, and have already expended over a million and a quarter of dollars in the purchase of the property, consisting of a strip of land 3 miles from one bank and 5 miles on the other, of the Casiquire River, 175 miles in length, amounting to 1,400 square miles, or nearly a million acres, of the very heart of the rubber country of the world. They are establishing trading posts along their river, and opening others far up the Amazon and the Negro, where they will carry enormous stocks of merchandise of all kinds used by the natives, which they will trade for rubber. The company owns its own steamers, and are building up an immense system of trading stores on the same lines pursued by the great Hudson's Bay Company, in their barter for furs. The company paid millions of pounds to its stockholders, and so far as the writer knows, not a share of that stock has been obtainable by outsiders for years, and is reported worth four thousand for one. If that company could make its stock so valuable the Para Rubber Plantation Co. can do equally well, for they are the pioneers in the gathering of rubber on a scientific basis, feeding thousands of natives and making profits on both transactions, as was the Hudson's Bay Co. the founders of their methods, which were later so successfully followed by John Jacob Astor, and the West India Co.

The Company is protecting young trees, of which they have millions, is tapping in the 6,000,000, 15-year-old trees on their property, the average life of which is 35 to 40 years, and are perpetuating this wonderful industry for all time. This is not an experimental nursery for the propagation of an untried stock, but is a forest of "gold bearing trees," which will require the labor of 40,000 people, who are available, to harvest its entire crop each season. These laborers and their families will purchase all supplies from the company's trading-post, which gives an element of profit, which must not be lost sight of.

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some private ones, and permitted to approach such important individuals as "steel barons," strike leaders, generals, admirals and others whose names are on the public tongue is perfectly true, but it is equally true that the respect and friendly attention shown him are almost invariably due to the desire to get something out of him rather than to any sense of his innate worth as a man. No one knows this better than the experienced New York journalist, and no one will acknowledge it more frankly, provided he be not so consumed with egotism and a sense of his own importance as to be unable to look the matter fairly in the face.

A few years of contact with those forms of politeness and geniality which are for revenue only, not infrequently converts the journalist of intelligence and quick perceptions into a cynical recluse, and it always makes him wary of accepting favors or invitations of any sort from the men and women whom he meets in the course of his professional duties.

It is largely because of the feeling of distrust engendered by years of contact with people who make a point of grinning genially when they meet a member of the press (on the ground that a smile costs nothing and may pave the way for some future benefit), that the number of journalists who figure in the fashionable life of the town is very small indeed; nor does a knowledge of the fact that, in the eyes of a great many persons who ought to know better, a journalist—no matter what the dignity of his position—is a spy and eavesdropper who goes into society for the purpose of picking up petty gossip for his paper. This belief, which probably began about the time that Cadmus invented letters, does a great injustice to a profession which, in spite of the prizes that it oftentimes holds for mendacity and trickery, nevertheless contains as large a number of high-minded, intelligent and agreeable men as can be found in any other calling. From the social point of view, they are immeasurably superior to the sort of men who take up so much room at fashionable balls and dinner parties, and of whom even long-suffering New York women are beginning to weary.

As a hint to the novelist who has designs on Park Row, I may add that the tricks and intrigues that go to make up what is known as "office politics" on the staff of a great newspaper, offer a theme which is as yet almost untouched and can be made distinctly interesting and funny.

And I am sure that the story about how Willie, the angel-faced reporter, got a copy of the treaty, will forever after seem cold and dull in comparison with that which tells how the night city editor knifed the managing editor and got his job himself.

## Bismarck the Spartan

THROUGH a late volume of personal reminiscences of Prince Bismarck, written by Sidney Whitman, we learn how averse from luxuries surrounding was the Iron Chancellor. The picture of him by Lenbach is familiar, in which he appears in a plain black suit and white stock cravat. This garb he invariably wore when not in uniform. He could tolerate no novelties of fashion, and never altered the style or color of his simple attire. Down to his last days he shaved himself every morning in his bedroom, an apartment which contained nothing superfluous in the way of comforts. The Prince slept in a plain bed, at whose foot stood a weighing machine. (It will be remembered that Bismarck had a long fight against obesity.) At a little distance from the weighing machine was a gymnastic apparatus, in daily use by his Highness. Near the window stood a small table, holding toilet articles and a mirror, at which the Prince shaved. Against one of the walls was placed an ordinary sofa. A chest of drawers, a washstand, a chair or two, and a metal bath-tub completed the furniture. The room was bare of anything that could be called ornamental, except only five pictures hanging on the walls. These were portraits of his wife, their son William, his physician Dr. Schweneiger (painted by Lenbach), a favorite horse, and a pet dog.

## The Truest Hospitality

THE ESSENCE of hospitality lies in making one's guests feel perfectly at their ease," said Julia Dent Grant.

"Let me give you an instance of what I consider real hospitality," she continued. "Years ago I attended a little dinner given by an old and very dear friend of my girlhood. Her income was no larger than her dining-room, and that was so small that her party had to be limited to eight. The dinner was most excellently cooked and nicely served, but very simple and inexpensive. We scarcely gave a thought to each course as it passed, except to realize how charmingly homelike a feast it was. A gracious hospitality made about us an atmosphere as genial as sunshine. I was the only guest present who caught a gleam of anxious bewilderment steal across the face of our hostess when the dessert was set before her. The anxiety was gone in a second. It had been scarcely more obtrusive than a low-toned request of her maid for a large serving spoon. Immediately she was her own sparkling, cordial self again.

"Not a little comment was passed on that dessert; it was so novel and delicious. To more than one guest the hostess smilingly promised the recipe. The dish was new to me: it was a creamy, rich yellowish custard, perfectly chilled, and served with macaroons. That evening when we were alone I reminded her that I also wished the recipe before I went home. She looked at me for a moment with

a quizzical smile and asked, 'Really, didn't you know it was a failure?'

"I assured her I had no idea of what it was. 'I don't mind confessing to you now,' she said, 'although I had one terribly anxious moment when I glanced at the contents of that glass bowl. My little maid and I prepared the dinner all alone, and I left her to unmold a maple moussé. In her anxiety, when she found it would not come from the mold, she set it in hot water, and—well, you saw the result. I did not call attention to it; I could do nothing but serve it as it was.'

"That was an instance," said Mrs. Grant, "of perfect hospitality. Imagine the uncomfortable end to a perfect dinner had she explained the circumstances, inveighed against a servant's carelessness and let us into the secret that we were eating a failure. Thousands of women would have done it from sheer annoyance and forgetfulness. The circumstance stands constantly in my memory as an instance of high breeding and the truest hospitality."

## Other People's Houses

IDEALLY, there is nothing more delightful than to spend a few days in a friend's house, meeting her friends, reading her books, leading her life. As a matter of fact, after the first omnivorousness of youth is satisfied, the visitor goes home nine times out of ten with a distinct sense of escape. "That is over," is her triumphant thought; or, "Oh, isn't it good to get back to one's own things!" And this even though the visit was technically a marked success.

To any one who has a place that means home, other people's houses are very apt to grow irksome twenty-four hours after the first excitement of arrival is chilled. However considerate the hostess, independence is cut off. The unsettling influence of strange surroundings keeps the visitor from going on with her own life, and leading some one's else is a poor business for any but the very young or shallow. With some, to be separated long from their own beds and belongings means a misery of homesickness that can carry them to absurd lengths—as in the case of one young woman who sat down and cried with joy at getting back to a north hall bedroom after a week of palatial luxury. To those who give much of themselves in human intercourse, visiting means an exhausting drain on their vitality, so that they are worn beyond endurance after a few days. Often, too, the occasion is spoiled by an over-diligent hostess, who blocks out her guest's day with an appalling list of engagements, and is uneasy if the victim is left to herself for a quiet hour. Still more unsuccessful is the hostess who considers it privilege enough for any one to be in her house, and offers so little besides food and sleep that the visitor has a depressed sense of being merely one of the family.

Altogether it is a disheartening matter, this visiting, and would die out among the sophisticated but for the fact of the tenth time—the perfect visit that makes up for all the disillusion of the preceding nine, and induces one to keep hopefully on through the nine to come. This is the visit of happy mediums, of due entertainment adjusted to due rest, with pleasant surroundings and, above all, with the right people—people with whom one belongs by the natural right of affinity. It is the memory of these oases that makes us pack our bags so gayly when a summons comes. This may be another such visit—who knows?

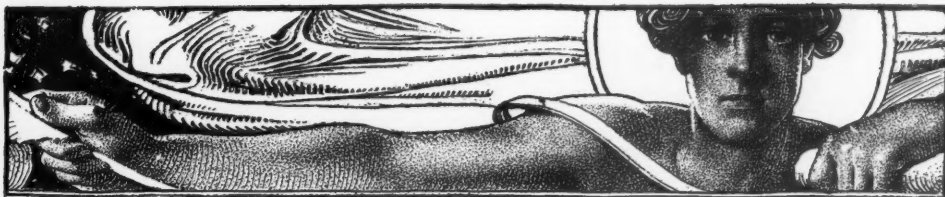
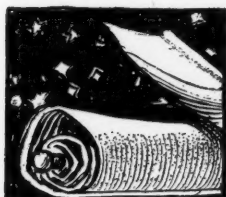
## Queen Victoria's Politics

THE LATE Queen Victoria was as much admired for her tact as she was beloved for her goodness. She had an extraordinary gift for saying the right thing at the right time, and also knew how to keep her own counsel when it was expedient to do so. Thus she always refrained—unlike a certain grandson of hers who is a great potentate from meddling in politics. But although this good and wise Queen of England avoided the expression of political opinions, she was nevertheless a woman of strong convictions. Some of them were curious—some of those, that is to say, which she reserved for private utterance. She went into the royal library at Windsor one morning accompanied by one of her daughters who had for some time been absent from England. The princess glanced round the walls, and her attention being arrested by a certain picture, she suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, what a good likeness of the Pretender!" Slowly raising her eyes to the portrait, Queen Victoria said, gravely and in a tone of slight rebuke: "We don't call him that here, my dear."

## Some Stage Salaries

WE HAVE never been invited to audit the personal account books of the prosperous ladies and gentlemen mentioned below. Therefore, we should not like to make an affidavit as to our figures in a court of law. But we have various reasons, not only for publicly stating, but even for privately believing, that said figures are, or recently were, approximately correct: Mrs. Leslie Carter, \$1,200 a week; Miss Maude Adams, \$1,000 a week; Miss Marlowe, \$800 a week; Miss Viola Allen, \$1,000 a week; Mr. Gillette (including royalties), \$1,500 a week; Mme. Patti, \$4,000 a night; Mme. Nordica, \$1,800 a night; Mme. Calvé, \$1,200 a night; Mme. Melba, \$1,500 a night; M. Edouard, \$2,500 a night; M. Jean de Reszke, \$2,500 a night; M. Plangon, \$700 a night.





## MEN AND DOINGS : A Paragraphic Record of the World's News

SOMETHING HALF NEW AND HALF OLD has been turned up by the Secretary of the Treasury in an address in Washington on "Boys." The Secretary, paraphrasing another speaker, put it this way: "The greatest discovery of the nineteenth century was woman: it is to be hoped that the twentieth century will discover the boy." As he sees things, it is time that some of the expensive and unstinted and eminently appropriate attention that the modern family has been giving to the girls, to their parties, to their dresses, to their "coming out," when they reach the coming-out period, and to all things calculated to prepare them for the queenship which the American woman seems to own among women, should begin to be distributed also among the boys. He calls for greater parental companionship, greater parental and communal effort to find legitimate amusements and occupations of interest, and a greater indisposition to let the boy shift at any and all times for himself. The new phase of Mr. Shaw's address is that recognition is given to the subject by so high a government official as the Secretary of the Treasury. The old phase is that Mr. Shaw's proposals are only in line with the remarkable work being done at present by the boys' clubs of the various cities, these clubs being organized, almost exactly as those of their elders, having their gymnasiums, their theatrical rooms, their libraries, their luncheon places, and the additional attractions of bands and military organizations. Lately Illinois has taken an active part in fathering the boy's development by founding a home and school on a thousand-acre farm for those who are without other home and corrective influences, and for the more sympathetic treatment of boys with criminal inclinations who otherwise would become inhabitants of the reform schools. An appropriation of over \$750,000 will probably be made for this institution by the State Legislature during the current month.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S unusual courtesy to the press men in attending the Gridiron Club banquet at Washington, on the 31st of January, proved to be for Mr. Morgan himself one of the most enjoyable incidents in his life, if the story which is going the rounds among the great financier's friends is to be credited. And this notwithstanding the fact that the distinguished man was not in the least spared the quips and good-natured rakings for which the Gridiron Club is famous. Hitherto Mr. Morgan has been the most unavailable man in public life to the representatives of the press. Should the Gridiron dinner eventuate in new relationships between the financier and the press, the result might be most valuable, from every point of view, extending, as it would, the recognition of the press to the leader of the financial world, as it has long since been extended to the head of the Government at the White House.

WHILE THE SHIP SUBSIDY BILL appears to be laid away in the dust-covered pigeon-holes of Congressional committees at Washington, an even more extensive subsidy proposition in Canada has stubbed its toes against some of the same personal influence that helped to bury the bill of Mr. Frye. Dating back over a period of some years in length, a group of many of the most powerful financial men in Canada have been manoeuvring with the government to procure a subsidy of \$100,000,000 for the construction of a railroad to the Pacific Ocean paralleling the Canadian Pacific on the north and tapping the great stretch of British Columbia and Manitoba Territory, in which there has been so much mineral and agricultural settlement within the past five years. The plans of the company had almost reached their final success when James J. Hill, of the Northern Securities Company, gave out an authorized interview in a Toronto paper declaring the entire scheme a fraud and a scandal. Mr. Hill's motive was easily represented as an interested one, because he is building extensions from his own lines in the United States to tap portions of the same region,

and because he is presumed to have traffic understandings with the Canadian Pacific, with which the new road would be a competitor. But the effect of the interview upon public opinion was instantaneous, nevertheless, and although it was published only recently, it seems to have already given pause to the entire scope of the Canadian company's efforts. It is not to be expected, probably, that the Canadian project will be altogether balked, but the subsidy aspect of it seems to have received what may prove to be its vital thrust. Mr. Hill has been a consistent opponent of subsidies all his life, having built his own Great Northern road without a dollar of government aid and having been outspoken in his denunciation of the ship subsidy proposed in the American Congress. His published statements on the latter are accounted among the strongest factors that have operated against the pending measures.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY reaches rapidly toward the final test in which the public's supreme interest rests, viz., the application to commercial and domestic purposes. The notably successful operations of Marconi, made within the past month, have been followed by even bolder announcements than hereto-

From Stereoscopic Photograph, copyright 1903 by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.



GUGLIELMO MARCONI

fore of the purposes of the Italian Government in erecting stations between Italy and Argentina and Italy and the United States; wireless messages have been made use of in the communications between the blockading vessels at the Venezuelan ports, and the use of the invention on the transatlantic steamers in the playing of chess games from steamer to steamer, has been more striking than ever. Marconi maintains that the service is almost ready for the public, and the financial company that stands behind him upholds his efforts with the sort of practical confidence that seldom attaches to any other than a most demonstrable end.

WITH THE EXCEPTION of the manifestly unendable struggle over "Gas Addicks" in Delaware, the Senatorial contests of the various States, after varying degrees of idiosyncrasy, are almost at an end. Colorado, always conspicuous in whatever it undertakes and always entertaining, brought to a close its period of free night lodgings in the State House the last of the month, and re-elected the venerable and honorable Henry M. Teller. North Carolina nominated Lee S. Overman, Kansas promoted Chester F. Long from the lower House, and Illinois terminated a

long factional fight by substituting Congressman Hopkins for the redoubtable and healthy Senator Mason. Washington State selected Hon. Levi Ankeny, a millionaire banker and land owner. The Colorado election possibly represents something of the last struggle between the Bryan contingent and the independent tendency of the political convictions of the one-time radically silver State. Senator Teller, of course, carried with him the personal prestige of a long and worthy Congressional career and ex-Senator Wolcott, who was running against him, contended with the disadvantages of the personal opprobrium fastened upon him by his defection from silver in 1896. The Republicans had carried the State in the fall elections, but post-election contests and other influences associated more or less with the hold-over power of the previous Democratic and silver administrations retained the control of the Legislature for the Democrats and returned Mr. Teller to office. Ex-Senator Wolcott gracefully accepted the peculiar circumstances of his opponent's election, and by his attitude not only quieted a situation that otherwise might have continued to be a source of political uneasiness, but made it possible for the discordant elements to be more free at another election to follow the changes of party affiliation incident to changing local conditions. The Washington State election was the final phase of a several years' rivalry between ex-Senator Wilson and the new member. It retires from Congress the wealthy and able Mr. Turner.

### UNCOMFORTABLE INDICATIONS develop in

China of possible further trouble with the anti-foreign craze. Several of the provinces have been threatening rebellion for some time, and latterly the reports tell of extended arming of the hostile factions. Dr. Robert Colman, formerly a physician to the late Li Hung Chang and now a professor in the Imperial University at Peking, has stated in an interview in Los Angeles that an uprising is seriously to be apprehended, and he gives much circumstantial evidence in confirmation of his view. Delayed press despatches coming by mail add further evidence. Naturally the situation is complicated by the resentment of many of the better elements over the insistence of the European powers upon the payment of the indemnity in gold, especially at the present time when the general finances of the country are crippled by the silver depreciation. Outwardly the Chinese Government seems to be exerting itself to preserve order, and, so far as Occidental sagacity has been able to penetrate Oriental power of silence, the judgment is that the Empress and the court at Peking are sincere in their desire to modernize their empire. America stands in a position of peculiar favor in any event, and may be able by its tact and consideration to aid the authorities in averting any catastrophe.

### THE AMERICAN CAKE-WALK, quite as well as

Mr. Sousa and his marches, is making its merry way round the world, apparently very much as the Oriental couched-couchee did some years ago. Not long since it was rampant in Paris, where its inroads upon the popular affection became so great that a league was formed to prevent its further extension. From Paris, as it seems by the latest advices, the seductive festiveness of the thing has lifted itself over into the stately circles of Vienna; and now in the region of the waltzes of Strauss the ragtime has asserted its sway. The transplanting, of course, has been accompanied by transforming, until it is doubtful if Americans would recognize their own offspring. Guided by the enthusiasm of a certain M. Houdique of France, who was the first dancing teacher to take up the cake-walk, the "walk" is now taught just as any other dance is taught. M. Houdique is credited with having "forced it within the limitations of a regular dance, which may be taught by figures." Society goes through it in five figures, with as much aplomb and dignity as rule the minuet.



Breakfasting in the Senate Chamber

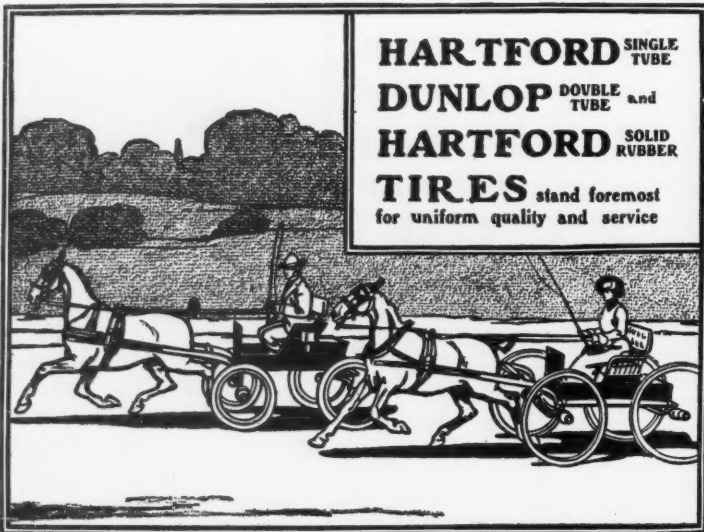


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## The Collaborators

By A. T. Quiller-Couch ("Q")

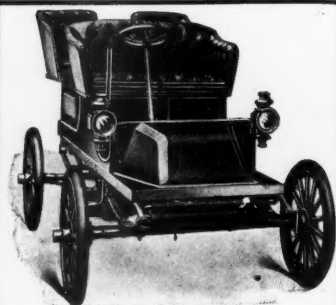
(Continued from Page 9)

this to Horrex, mumbling in the doorway: "the cab outside? Step along, constable: I'll follow in a moment—to identify your prisoner, not to bail him out." Then as he touched his hat and marched out after Horrex, "By George, though! Trewlove?" I muttered, meeting Clara's eye and laughing.  
 "So you've said," she agreed doubtfully; "but it seems a funny sort of explanation."  
 "It's as simple as A B C," I assured her. "The man at Marlborough Street is the man who let you this house."  
 "I took it through an agent."  
 "I'm delighted to hear it. Then the man at Marlborough Street is the man for whom the agent let the house."  
 "Then you are not Mr. Richardson—not 'George Anthony'—and you didn't write 'Larks in Aspic'?" said she, with a flattering shade of disappointment in her tone.  
 "Oh! yes, I did."  
 "Then I don't understand in the least—unless—unless—" She put out two deprecating hands. "You don't mean to tell me that this is your house, and we've been living in it without your knowledge! Oh! why didn't you tell me?"  
 "Come, I like that!" said I. "You'll admit that you haven't given me much time."  
 But she stamped her foot. "I'll go upstairs and pack at once," she declared.  
 "That will hardly meet the case, I'm afraid. You forget that your brother is downstairs: and by his look, when I left him, he'll take a deal of packing."  
 "Herbert?" She put a hand to her brow. "I was forgetting. Then you are not Herbert's friend after all?"  
 "I have made a beginning. But in fact I made his acquaintance at Vine Street just now. Trewlove—that's my scoundrel of a butler—has been making up to him under my name. They met at the house-agent's, probably. The rogue models himself upon me: but when it comes to letting my house—By the way, have you paid him by check?"  
 "I paid the agent. I knew nothing of you until Herbert announced that he'd made your acquaintance."  
 "Pray go on," said I, watching her troubled eyes. "It would be interesting to hear how he described me."  
 "He used a very funny word. He said you were the rummiest thing in platters he'd struck for a long while. But, of course, he was talking of the other man."  
 "Of course," said I gravely: whereupon our eyes met and we both laughed.  
 "Ah, but you are kind!" she cried. "And when I think how we have treated you—if only I could think—" Her hand went up again to her forehead.  
 "It will need some reparation," said I. "But we'll discuss that when I come back."

V

TREWLOVE in his Marlborough Street cell was a disgusting object—offensive to the eye and to one's sense of the dignity of man. At sight of me he sprawled, and when the shock of it was over he continued to grovel until the sight bred a shame in me for being the cause of it.  
 "You will lie here," said I, "until to-morrow morning, when you will probably be fined fifty shillings and costs, plus the cost of the broken glass at Toscano's. I take it for granted that the money will be paid?"  
 "I will send, sir, to my lodgings for my check-book."  
 "It's a trifling matter, no doubt, but since you will be charged under the name of William John Trewlove, it will be a mistake to put 'G. A. Richardson' on the check."  
 "It was an error of judgment, sir, my giving your name here."  
 "It was a worse one," I assured him, "to append it to the receipt for Miss Jarmayne's rent."  
 "You don't intend to prosecute?"  
 "Why not?"  
 "Some think tells me that you don't."  
 Well, in fact (as you may have guessed), I did not. I had no desire to drag Miss Jarmayne into further trouble: but I resented that the dog should so count on my clemency without knowing the reason of it.  
 "In justice to myself, sir, I've to tell you that I shouldn't 'ave let the 'ouse to *any* body. It was only that, she being connected with the stage, I saw a hopeing. Mr. 'Erbert was, as you might say, a hafter-thought: which, finding him so affable, I thought I might go one better. He cost me a pretty penny first and last. But when he offered to introjice me—and me, at his invite, going back put up at No. 402 like any other gentleman—why, 'ow could I resist it?"  
 "If I forbear to have you arrested, Trewlove, it will be on condition that you efface yourself. May I suggest some foreign country, where, in a colony of the Peculiar People unacquainted with your past—"  
 "I'm tired of them, sir. Your style of life don't suit me—I've tried it, as you see, and I give it up—I'm too late to learn; but I'll say this for it—it cures you of wantin' to go back and be a Peculiar. Now, if you've no objection, sir, I thought of takin' a little public down Putney way."

"You mean it?" asked Clara, a couple of hours later.  
 "I mean it," said I.  
 "And I am to live on here alone—as your tenant?"  
 "As my tenant, and so long as it pleases you. As for 'alone,' that must be your business. If you want a chapman in place of



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your brother—"I struck a match to light a candle, and with that we both laughed, for the June dawn was pouring down on us through the stairway skylight.  
"Shall I see you to-morrow, to say good-by?"  
"I expect not. We shall catch the first boat."  
"The question is, will you get Herbert awake in time to explain matters?"  
"I'll undertake that. Horrex has already packed for him. Oh, you needn't fear: he'll be right enough at Ambletense, under my eye."  
"It's good of you," she said slowly; "but why are you doing it?"  
"Can't say," I answered lightly, avoiding her eyes now.  
"Well, good-by and God bless you!" She put out her hand. "There's nothing I can say or do to—"  
"Oh, yes, by the way, there is," I interrupted, tugging a key off my chain. "You see this? It unlocks the drawers of a writing-table in your room. In the top left-hand drawer you will find a bundle of papers."  
She passed up the stairs before me and into the room.  
"Is this what you want?" she asked, reappearing after a minute with my manuscript in her hand. "What is it? A new comedy?"  
"The makings of one," said I. "It was to fetch it that I came across from Ambletense."  
"And dropped into another."  
"Upon my word," said I, "you are right, and to-night's is a better one—up to a point." We shook hands and I mounted to my room. My own last words repeated themselves in my ears, "Up to a point"; but, of course, the plot still wanted a something—what critics call the "love-interest," for example.  
"But does it?" I asked myself suddenly, in the act of winding up my watch.

You will observe that once or twice in the course of this narrative I have slipped inadvertently and called her Clara.

THE END

### A Valentine

By Theodosia Garrison

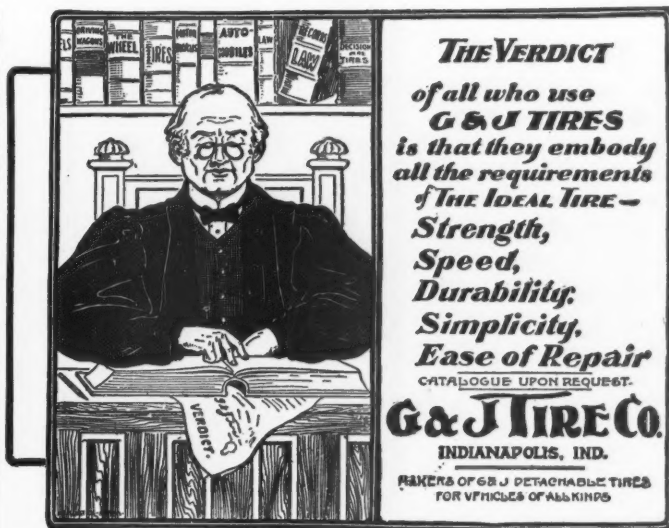
Give me yourself for Valentine—  
Your eyes shall be the rhymed line  
Wherein I need but look to read  
Sweet things and poetry indeed.

Give me yourself for Valentine—  
Your mouth—the true red rose's sign;  
Your hands—white doves for symbol fit;  
Your hair—the golden seal of it.

And lest some sad mistake should be,  
Pray you address yourself to me.  
Love, be my post-boy—Mistress mine,  
Give me yourself for Valentine.

### Semi-Vegetarianism

THE great insurance companies practically measure the pulse of a whole nation. From their vast knowledge of the ills which befall humanity, from their years of research, one feels confidence in the regulations they extend to applicants. One of these regulations, which holds good in several companies, is that a discount on insurance is allowed to vegetarians. Such a rule strikes with distinct force at America as a meat-eating nation. We credit to John Bull the honor as champion meat-eater of the civilized world, but statistics show he must take a back seat to Uncle Sam. The reason is perhaps that the multitude of England's poor have to exist largely without meat. British wages are lower than the lowest here, while meat is proportionately high. During the extravagant prices of meat on this side of the Atlantic thousands of hearty eaters have been forced into semi-vegetarianism. They have not only fared well on it, but some have found certain diseases they accounted chronic or hereditary begin to disappear. There is little doubt that an array of ailments, gout, kidney diseases and rheumatism, fairly feed upon a meat diet. Physicians strike meat from the dietary in prescribing for such cases. If the hard-working, brain-tiring millions of the United States could be reduced to semi-vegetarianism, it would be for their own good health—besides, it might effect a drop in meat prices. Such a possibility lies within the power of clever housewives, women who are finding dietetics the most important study they have encountered since their schooldays. The power of the intelligent mistress of a home lies in providing foods, equal to meat in nutriment, then in making these foods so appetizing, so wholesome and so attractive, that the everyday roast or steak is not missed. When we take into account our magnificent supply of sea food, brought from the shores of the Pacific and the Atlantic, the products of our great poultry farms and the splendid array of vegetables and fruit which adorn American markets, the prospect of a generously spread table is still ours. Into a week's dietary composed of fish, oysters, lobsters, clams, chicken and eggs, one roast of beef would be reckoned as temperance in meat eating by the authority on dietetics. With a liberal use of such healthful food as cream and vegetable soups, varied by an occasional consommé, egg and cheese dishes, green salads, well-cooked vegetables and wholesome desserts, the semi-vegetarian will still find life worth living. He will also discover that his chances as a good insurance "risk" are improved.



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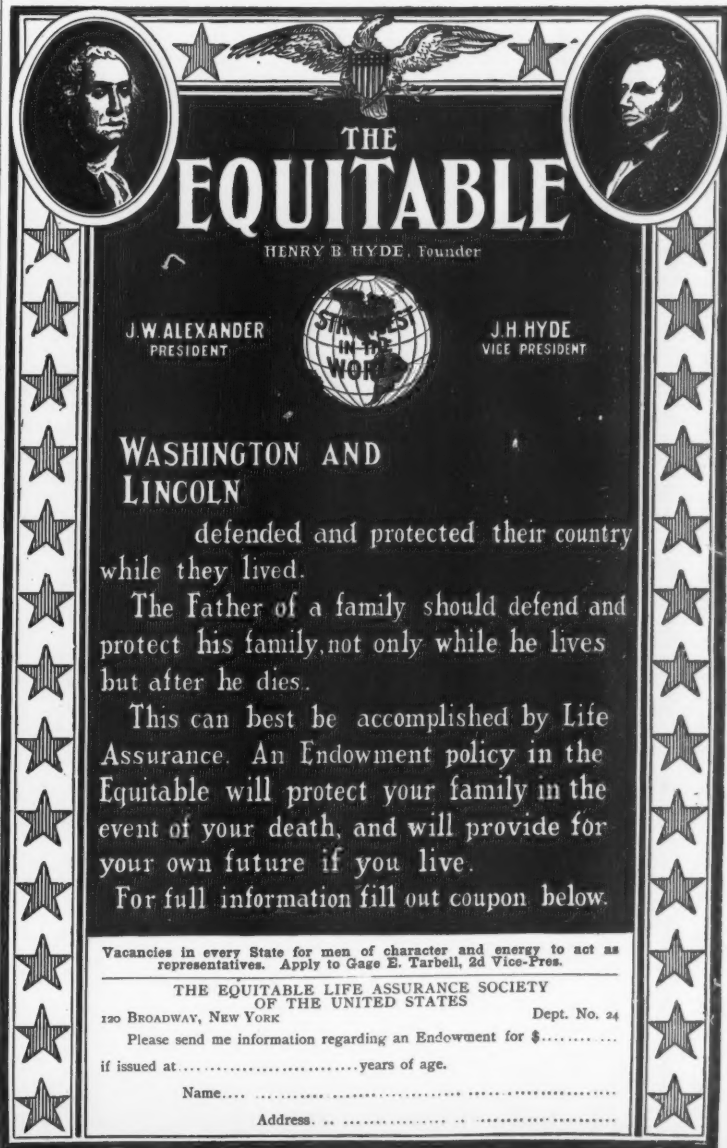
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## Questions and Answers

Questions which are of general interest to all readers may be sent to this department, and the answers will be published at the earliest possible date after receipt. So many questions of a merely personal nature have been received of late that it is now found necessary to make this restriction: All the queries received up to date will be answered either in these columns or by mail, but, hereafter, we can not undertake either to send or print replies to questions on topics of health, finance, investment, etc. Neither can we undertake to state the value of stamps or coins. All communications should be addressed: "Questions and Answers" Department, Collier's Weekly, New York City.

**Collier's Reader.**—The John Robinson, circus-man, whom you inquire about is comparatively unknown to us. He is constantly flitting from place to place, and it would be a difficult matter to tell you just where he might be reached.

**L. B. L. W.**—If your violin is genuinely valuable, you could do no better than dispose of it to some private individual or collector of such instruments. By persistent inquiry and use of the newspapers as a medium, you should obtain satisfactory results.

**Mason Reynolds.**—Horseback riding is popular all over the United States. We can not single out any particular section of the country more addicted to it than another, though probably some of the Western States might be given the credit. No. We do not fear that horsemanship will ever die out.

**W. A. C. C.**—We are very much afraid that your father's land staked out in Arizona so long ago has been claimed by the State. But wherever it lies you might find out exact data by writing to the authorities of the city or town where it is. If, as you say, the record of the land is at Washington, why not have the records searched?

**B. H. K.**—Your proposition to us involves much research. After sounding many sources, we suggest that you use the one time kingdom (now a province of Prussia) of Hanover for the purposes of your plot. You will find in history that it severed itself from the crown of England on account of the Salic Law when Victoria became Queen, in 1873.

**Reader.**—Try massaging in a circular direction with the following application. Take a pint of elder-flower water, half an ounce of simple tincture of benzoin and six drops of tincture of myrrh. Mix this, and then add an equal quantity of linseed oil. Keep on with this for about six weeks, but be careful to do this massaging very gently, as any rough manipulation might do harm.

**J. A. C. K.**—(1) It all depends upon the circumstances. If the book is an old one and has been published by many different houses, you could dramatize it without any preliminaries, in all probability. But if a new novel, by all means get the author's permission first, for many writers now hold the dramatic rights to their stories. (2) Send your work to any well-known theatrical manager. There are a dozen or more in New York City.

**Bad Boy.**—(1) By addressing the authorities at the Brooklyn Navy Yard you will secure all the knowledge of conditions governing your joining the navy that you wish. Of course, the life is no "feather pillow" affair, but it is good for some people. Promotion there like elsewhere depends upon merit. (2) The nature of your sickness requires the services of a physician. Self-treatment is often injurious. Go to a reputable doctor.

**R. I. E.**—If you desire to tan your squirrel skins with the hair on, place the hide on a smooth round slab, made for the purpose with two legs on one end—the other end resting on the ground. Drive a nail in the upper end to hold the skin from slipping while fleshing—which is done by scraping off all the flesh from the hide, using a blunt knife. Be very careful not to tear the hide. Then take the brains of the squirrel and work them thoroughly into the skin. This process renders it very pliable.

**T. B.**—There is no doubt that your illness has had a great deal to do with the loss of your hair. Have the hair cut and singed once a month by some good hairdresser and massage it nightly with the finger tips. Wash it in egg shampoo, made with two beaten-up eggs and warm water, every two weeks and take a simple iron tonic. Also attend to the general health, and eat only plain nourishing food, such as milk, fresh eggs, beefsteak, etc. As your health improves you will find that your hair will resume its normal condition.

**Constant Reader.**—Two ways suggest themselves to us, either of which might help you to become a dentist. As you work nine hours a day, make up your mind to devote the tenth to studying some work or attending a lecture. Find these out by addressing any neighboring professional man. Why not apprentice yourself to a dentist—become his assistant? This seems to us best next to going to college. First steps you know are always the hardest. Make up your mind to succeed by "hook or crook" and all will be well with you.

**A. A. S. (Y. P.)**—The following is a good and harmless dye: Take two drams of green sulphate of iron, one dram of common salt and twelve ounces of Bordeaux wine. Simmer all together for five minutes in a glazed covered saucepan, and then add two drams of powdered Aleppo nut galls, and simmer for another five minutes, stirring occasionally. When the liquor is cool, add a tablespoonful of good brandy, cork in a strong bottle and shake well. In two days drain

the clear portion off for use. Before applying, cleanse the hair from grease with ammonia and water and apply the dye with a toothbrush.

**F. C. Moll.**—Staff is a kind of artificial stone used for covering and ornamenting buildings. It is made chiefly of plaster of paris, a portion of cement, glycerine and dextrine, mixed with water until it becomes about the consistency of molasses. Then it is cast into molds. To strengthen it coarse cloth or bagging, or fibers of hemp or jute are put into the molds prior to casting. It is fire and water proof. Staff work was invented in France about 1876. The best way to find out the proportion of ingredients used, and the practicable uses of the material, is to consult a builder or look over the trade's magazines in a library.

**A. C. Dippel, S. H. Odiorne and Others.**—It was an unexpected result of our recent advice on home addressing to be deluged with letters asking for names of firms where such work could be obtained. We thought a word to the wise would be sufficient, and set workers on the right track. When you reflect a moment you will see how impossible and impracticable it would be for us to furnish names and addresses of firms or individuals, and have them besieged by the many who read these columns. We believe "help to self-help" is one of the finest things in the world, and such we hoped our advice to be until further help was demanded of us in one concerted clamor.

**Reader.**—We do not think the immigration records would help you to find your family crest, and, as you know the county in England from which your forebears came, why not address the authorities there, or make use of the "Genealogical Magazine" edited by Elliot Stock in London? If you do not wish to try foreign sources, the only things we can suggest by way of domestic facilities are: To hunt up one of those individuals who make a business of finding family trees, or subscribe to some newspaper, such as the "Boston Transcript," that carries on genealogical columns open to readers. An appeal in this kind of a public department should bring some return.

**H. T. Wentzel.**—There are any number of ways of preserving eggs without resorting to cold-storage. (a) For each patent paul of water put in one pint of fresh slaked lime, and one pint of common salt. Fill a barrel or any receptacle you may choose, about half full of this fluid. Mix well. With a dish lower your eggs—be sure they are fresh—into the liquid. They will settle right side up every time. Eggs may be kept this way any reasonable length of time. (b) Dissolve four ounces of beeswax in eight ounces of warm olive oil. By dipping your fingers, anoint the egg all over. The oil will be absorbed by the shell and the pores filled with wax. Kept in a cool place eggs so treated last a very long time as fresh as when newly laid.

**A Pittsburg Reader.**—(1) Goitre is an enlargement of the thyroid gland, which is situated in front of the windpipe. Its cure is extremely difficult and tedious, but the following is an excellent ointment to apply: Iodide of potassium, 1 dram; iodine, 10 grains; pure lard, 1½ ounces. Rub on the enlargement gently once or twice a day, and wear something soft and warm round the neck, such as a piece of flannel or a silk handkerchief. Wash the whole neck once a day in strong salt and water, and continue this treatment for six weeks. Should the skin become a little tender, leave off for a few days. (2) An ointment composed of two drams of cocoon oil, two drams of lanoline and one ounce of vaseline will promote the growth of the eyelashes. Apply a little to the eyebrows and eyelashes at bedtime. Do not on any account cut them; they will either grow very stiff and coarse or probably not at all.

**K. W. Monroe.**—(1) Bimini was a fabulous island, presumably one of the Bahamas. This island was the object of Ponce de Leon's long search, upon which he had hoped to find the miraculous fountain of youth. (2) Runic writing was used to a great extent among the Goths and Norsemen. A rune was one of the characters of the early alphabets or runic alphabets. The extant specimens of runic inscriptions are mostly on trees, stones, memorial pillars, weapons, etc., found in Scandinavia, Iceland and the British Isles. (3) Don Tristan de Luna, with about 1,800 soldiers and many friars, anchored in Santa Maria Bay (probably Pensacola) and established a camp, August 7, 1559. (4) Your example in compound interest is simple enough and one that you can work out in leisure hours. It requires time and not any special mathematical faculty. Follow out the easy rules of compound interest.



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Any honest person who suffers from Rheumatism is welcome to this offer.

I am a specialist in Rheumatism, and have treated more cases than any other physician, I think. For 16 years I made 2,000 experiments with different drugs, testing all known remedies while searching the world for something better. Nine years ago I found a costly chemical in Germany which, with my previous discoveries, gives me a certain cure.

I don't mean that it can turn bony joints into flesh again; but it can cure the disease at any stage, completely and forever. I have done it fully 100,000 times.

I know this so well that I will furnish my remedy on trial. Simply write me a postal for my book on Rheumatism, and I will mail you an order on your druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure. Take it for a month at my risk. If it succeeds, the cost is only \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay the druggist myself—and your mere word shall decide it.

I mean that exactly. If you say the results are not what I claim, I don't expect a penny from you.

I have no samples. Any mere sample that can affect chronic Rheumatism must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs, and it is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. It has cured the oldest cases that I ever met. And in all my experience—in all my 2,000 tests—I never found another remedy that would cure one chronic case in ten.

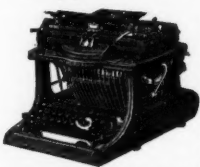
Write me and I will send you the order. Try my remedy for a month, as it can't harm you anyway. If it fails it is free. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 521, Racine, Wis.

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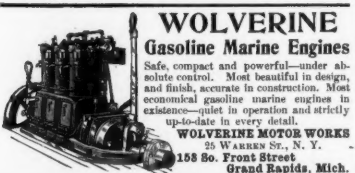
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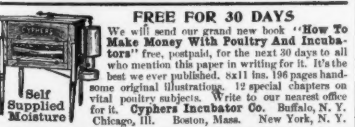
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## The Unpatriotism of Art

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT once wrote, in the course of a patriotic essay, that no American could produce really great results in art if he permanently exiled himself from his native land. The President was up in his wrath against the young men and women, among those who flock to Paris year by year, who instead of returning to America when their formal studies are completed, prefer to found a career for themselves in Europe—and to remain there. In the rosy glow of theory, Mr. Roosevelt's opinion may look plausible enough, but regarded through the plain spectacles of fact it has a different aspect. In the first place, art, like religion and science, as a rule takes no cognizance of nationality. Bunyan did not speak to Englishmen alone; nor did Galileo secretly whisper his discoveries into Italian ears. Heine's renowned lyric of the "little red rose on the heath" was not in the least inspired by patriotic reminiscences of Frederick the Great, and "The Raven" bears no relation whatever to the eagle hovering over the Stars and Stripes. Art knows no bounds, and none will it acknowledge. Artistic folk are almost invariably very cosmopolitan in their tastes and their views. Actors rarely talk politics, and otherwise seem little concerned about the civic affairs of their country. Musicians are perhaps still more indifferent to national, and even international, questions. Imagine Sousa as a member of Congress! "Still, he has written patriotic music," you will say. Quite so.

But if all this seems too vague to the strictly logical, and does not appear to confute the President's opinion, here are a few names that will settle the question: Gibson and Remington are draughtsmen of national reputation. They live in their own country. But Sargent, Abbey, and Whistler, on the other hand, the three greatest American painters of to-day, avoid these shores. So also do two of our most distinguished sculptors, St. Gaudens and MacMonnies. Marion Crawford, though he frequently visits America, long ago established his home at Sorrento, on the Bay of Naples. Henry James lives in London. Nordica, the star of our operatic art, and Bispham, our only baritone, are regular patrons, every spring, of steamers bound for Europe, whence they do not return until beckoned back by the golden hand of the New York impresario.

□ □

## Beggar Cupid

By Frank Dempster Sherman

Blind at your door a beggar boy

Knocks timidly to win

The journey's end and hear with joy

The welcome words: Come in!

He wears a quiver full of darts,

A bow hangs at his side,

And on a string he has some hearts

Which are his dearest pride.

If you will grant him food and rest

It shall be yours to take

That heart your own heart likes the best

To fondle or to break.

And if that chosen heart be mine,

Give Cupid yours to be

Love's tribute to Saint Valentine

And love itself for me!

□ □

## The Lion's Mouth

THE LION'S MOUTH is a department of COLLIER'S WEEKLY which distributes monthly prizes, aggregating in value \$325.00, with opportunities for cumulative winnings, the greatest of which amounts to \$1,000 in cash. The prizes in the February contest are awarded for answers to the following questions:

1. Which of the four numbers published in February do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
2. Which article in these four numbers do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
3. Which story do you like best, and which do you like least, and why; and are you reading the serial?
4. Which drawing (this includes the cover) do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
5. Which photograph, or series of photographs, do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
6. Which department in COLLIER'S WEEKLY do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
7. Which feature of the Household Number do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
8. What feature of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, if any, is not to your liking?
9. What suggestion can you make that, in your opinion, will improve COLLIER'S WEEKLY?
10. What publication, apart from COLLIER'S WEEKLY, do you like best, and why?

There is a booklet which tells all about this competition, and which may be had upon request with a remittance of four cents for postage. The book is exquisitely illustrated in colors by C. D. Gibson, Edward Penfield, Frederic Remington, Henry Hutt and many others. Address your request for it to THE LION'S MOUTH, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City.

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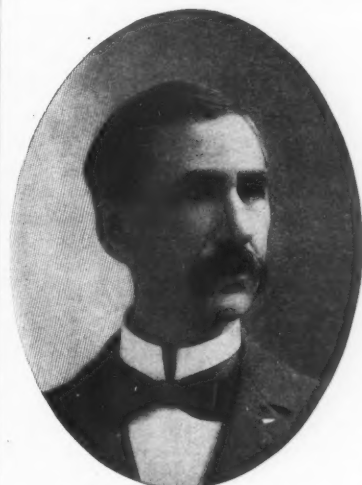
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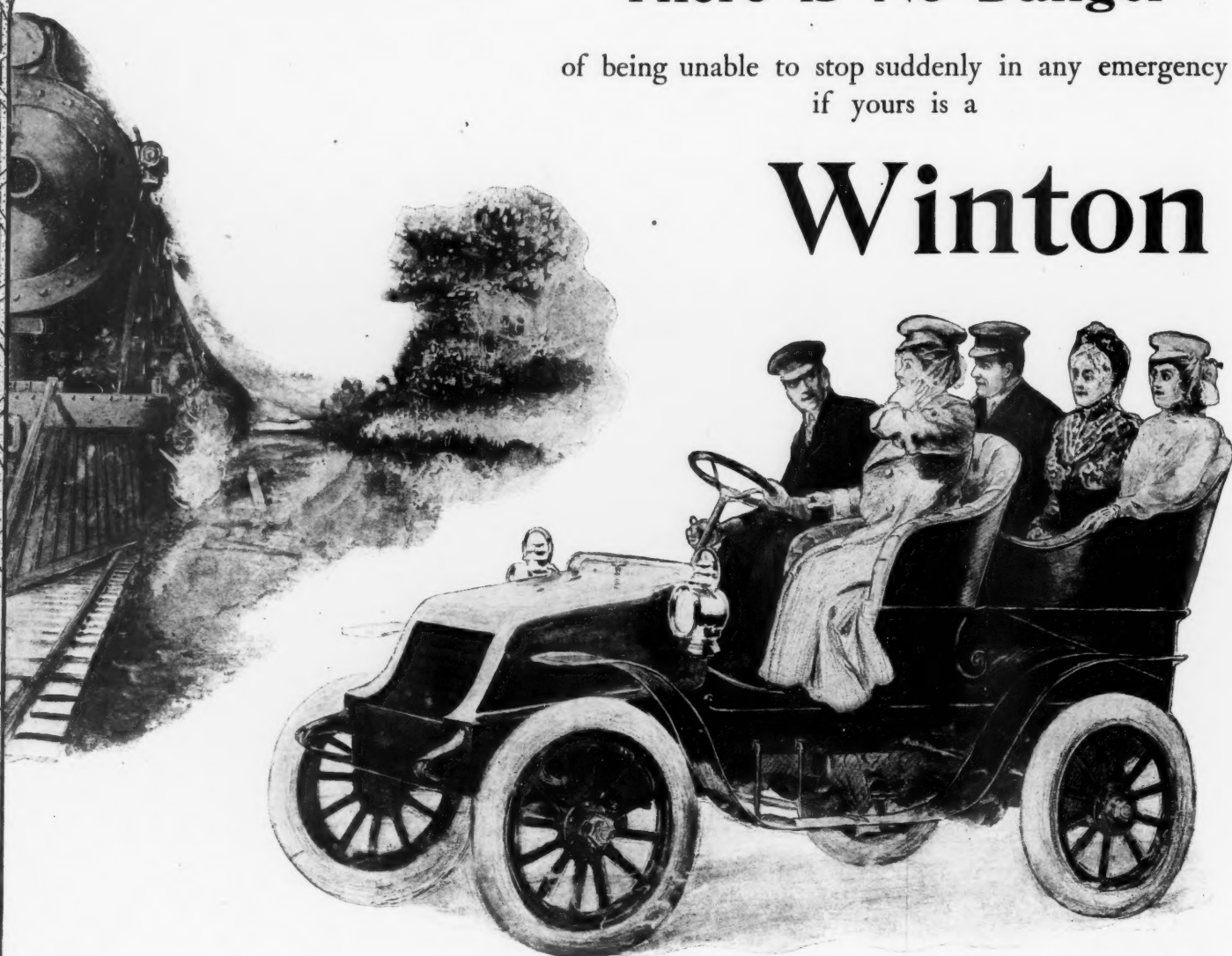


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